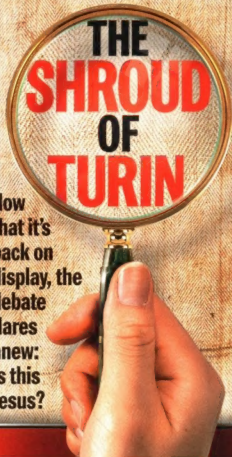


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SOCIAL SECURITY
DISNEY'S ANIMAL KINGDOM

TIME



**THE
SHROUD
OF
TURIN**

Now
that it's
back on
display, the
debate
flares
anew:
Is this
Jesus?





With a wave of my hand, skim milk will now be called fat free milk.
But this is no illusion. Skim milk has always been fat free. And it's
always had all of the nutrients of whole milk, too. Which reminds me,
it's time to perform my favorite bit of magic. Making it disappear.

MILK

Where's your mustache?™

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Don't play ball in the house. Joanie, go to your room.
Here's another all-time great mom line: Drink your milk.
Unlike hairdos, milk's 9 essential nutrients will always
be in style. Which is why your kids should drink it. Groovy.
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we come in*



You don't give much thought to the anti-lock brakes on your Ford, Mercury or Lincoln. You shouldn't have to. The fact is, ABS brakes interact with virtually every vehicle system to stop your car or truck safely and efficiently. They're precise components. So for brake service, or any repair, it makes sense to take your vehicle to the people who know it best. People with the training and parts your vehicle needs. See the Quality Care technicians at Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers. To learn more, visit us at www.qualitycareservice.com



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Breakthrough: An accord in Northern Ireland raises huge hopes (see **WORLD**)



The Face of Jesus? The Shroud of Turin still attracts believers and skeptics alike (see **COVER**)



Animal Kingdom: Michael Eisner's newest playground (see **THE ARTS**)

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COVER: Photograph of the face on the Shroud of Turin, taken June 25, 1997, by Giovanni Giandurante—Commissione Diocesana Sindone Torino

Margot Hornblower/Las Vegas

Radio Free America

A merry band of broadcast buccaneers conspire to crank up their volume

MORE THAN 100,000 PROSPEROUS CONVENTIONEERS registered here last week for the broadcasting industry's annual trade bash. They included engineers, ad salesmen, station execs, computer techies, disk jockeys, videographers, all wearing National Association of Broadcasters badges, most of them basking in record profits.

They paid little heed to a score of boisterous protesters enacting an oddly surreal, '60s-style pageant outside the vast convention hall: long-haired, body-pierced youths waved hand-painted signs with such slogans as **SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL** and **DON'T LET THEM NAB OUR AIR WAVES**; a 30-ft. red, white and blue banner proclaimed **MICROPOWER**; and a red-bearded man in sandals and beret cried out, "Communication is your divine right whether you're a human being or a dog or a lizard! Bring back the village square! Let microtransmitters bloom in every town and city!"

But behind the scenes of this little time warp, a vast drama is unfolding. Since passage of the federal Telecommunications Act of 1996, 4,000 of the 11,000 radio stations in the U.S. have changed hands, many of them gobbled up by small chains or media conglomerates. Result: a rapid dwindling of local programming in favor of standardized music, talk and news, often packaged in distant corporate headquarters. "People are totally offended by what's on the air," attorney Louis Hiken told an NAB panel last week, deploring coast-to-coast "easy-listening stations selling Dodge Caravans, beer and tampons."

The dearth of community broadcasting has spurred a sudden proliferation of microbroadcasters, renegade radio buffs who mount their own low-wattage stations, flouting FCC licensing rules. Between 500 and 1,000 are estimated to be operating nationwide, up from a handful five years ago. Hence, the rebels on the Las Vegas Convention Center sidewalk, whose own three-day counterconvention, dubbed "Fear and Transmitting," took place in a rundown Unitarian Fellowship hall across town and was catered by Food Not Bombs, a group that collects unused groceries from supermarkets and restaurants to be served to the homeless. Workshops on legal defenses against FCC equipment seizures and on how to send programs over the In-

ternet drew guerrilla broadcasters from eight Western and Midwestern states—mirroring a similar East Coast conference held in Philadelphia a week earlier.

Five years ago, an eco-activist and self-taught electronics whiz named Stephen Dunifer founded Free Radio Berkeley, trekking up into the hills behind the city and transmitting out of his backpack one night a week with home-built equipment. Soon, with the help of volunteers, Dunifer, 46, was selling kits around the country, enabling anyone who could raise a few hundred dollars to launch a station with a transmitter powered by fewer watts than a light bulb, often covering a radius of only a few miles. Dunifer co-edited a book, *Seizing the Airwaves*, and

mounted a how-to Website (www.radio4all.org). When the FCC sought an injunction against his station (motto: "Turn On, Tune In, Take Over"), a federal judge in Oakland, Calif., turned the agency down on First Amendment grounds. "This is about free speech," says Dunifer, presiding at the guerrilla gathering. "The FCC excludes all but the wealthy from having a voice. It should open the spectrum to noncommercial community radio."

Chatting over vegetarian goodies in the Unitarian meeting room last week were a 25-year-old Mexican American with the radio handle



Pioneer radio pirate Stephen Dunifer led rebel broadcasters

"Bedlam," whose Los Angeles station, Radio Clandestino, broadcasts leftist Chicano fare; Rick Strawcutter, a Fundamentalist pastor from Adrian, Mich., who is battling the FCC in federal court for the right to air right-winger Bo Gritz and rail against income tax; two guys from Radio Free Bakersfield who play the homegrown punk-rock bands the commercial stations ignore; and a 19-year-old Milwaukee, Wis., waitress with pink-and-purple hair who reads from *Winnie-the-Pooh* on her Radio Free Bob children's hour. "There's no difference between microradio and the printing presses of the Founding Fathers that were outlawed by the British government," says "Brad," 27, a bike messenger who reads his poetry on *Steal This Radio*, a 20-watt station on New York City's Lower East Side.

He was not invited to a panel discussion taking place across town: FCC officials and industry lawyers drew 150 legit broadcasters with the question, "Pirate Radio Stations: Will They Be Walking the Plank?"

“People are totally offended by what’s on the air.”—ATTORNEY LOUIS HIKEN

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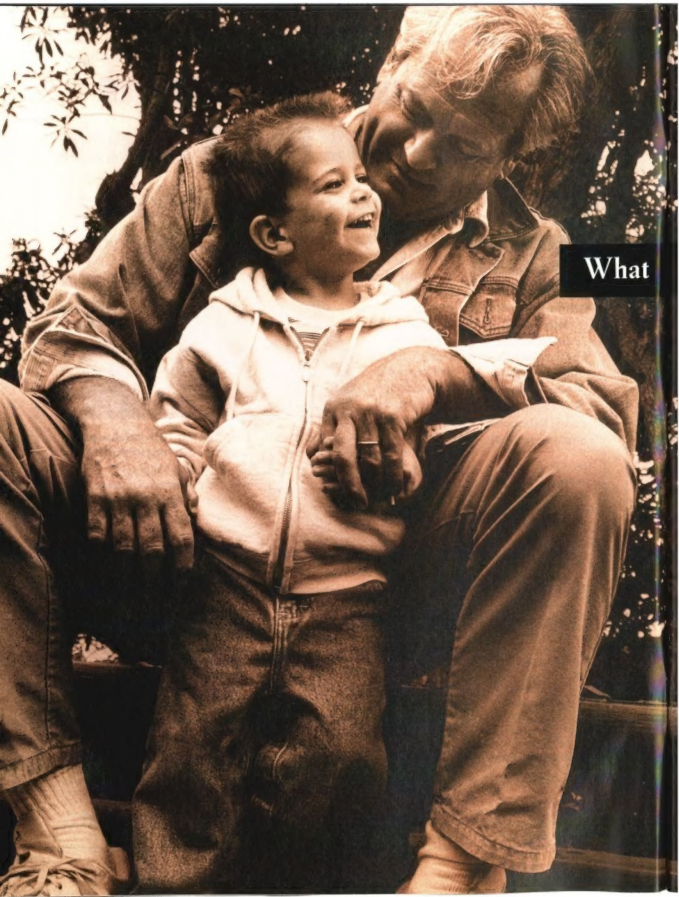
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What

Last winter, Mike Vaughn had a heart attack. In addition to diet and exercise, his doctor prescribed ZOCOR, the one cholesterol medicine proven to help save the lives of people with high cholesterol and heart disease. Good thing. Because he has some important plans with Alex.

Mike Vaughn did with his future.


Your future is too valuable a thing to risk with high cholesterol. High cholesterol can lead to heart disease and even death. When used with diet and exercise, ZOCOR is the one medicine that's actually been proven to help save the lives of people with high cholesterol and heart disease. **More than 3.1 million people have taken ZOCOR, the most often prescribed cholesterol medicine in the U.S.***

A landmark five-year study among heart disease patients with high cholesterol demonstrated dramatic results for ZOCOR: fewer cardiac procedures, fewer heart attacks, and 42% fewer deaths from heart disease.

ZOCOR is a prescription drug, so you should ask your doctor or healthcare professional if ZOCOR is right for you. Some people should not take ZOCOR: people with active liver disease or possible liver problems; women who are pregnant, likely to become pregnant, or are nursing; or people who are allergic to any of its ingredients.

Your doctor may perform blood tests to check your liver function before and during treatment with ZOCOR. Be sure to tell your doctor if you experience any unexplained muscle pain or weakness while taking ZOCOR, since this could be a sign of serious side effects, and be sure to mention any medication you are taking to avoid possible serious drug interactions.

To get your free copy of "Surviving High Cholesterol," call 1-800-699-LIFE. Visit our Web site at <http://www.zocor.com>



Ask your doctor about ZOCOR—the one cholesterol medicine proven to help save lives among people with high cholesterol and heart disease.

- Does my cholesterol level put me at risk?
- Should I consider adding ZOCOR to my diet and exercise plan?
- Could ZOCOR reduce my chances of having a heart attack?
- What are the side effects of ZOCOR?
- What type of results can I expect from ZOCOR?



Please read the next page for a summary of Prescribing Information and discuss it with your doctor.

ZOCOR is indicated as an addition to diet for patients with high cholesterol when diet and exercise are inadequate. (Results vary patient to patient.)

It's your future.
BE THERE.

ZOCOR. The cholesterol medicine that helps save lives.

ZOCOR® (SIMVASTATIN)

PLEASE READ THIS SUMMARY CAREFULLY, AND THEN ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ZOCOR. NO ADVERTISEMENT CAN PROVIDE ALL THE INFORMATION NEEDED TO PRESCRIBE A DRUG. THIS ADVERTISEMENT DOES NOT TAKE THE PLACE OF CAREFUL DISCUSSIONS WITH YOUR DOCTOR. ONLY YOUR DOCTOR HAS THE TRAINING TO WEIGH THE RISKS AND BENEFITS OF A PRESCRIPTION DRUG FOR YOU.

USES OF ZOCOR

ZOCOR is a prescription drug that is indicated as an addition to diet for many patients with high cholesterol when diet and exercise are inadequate. For patients with coronary heart disease (CHD) and high cholesterol, ZOCOR is indicated as an addition to diet to reduce the risk of death by reducing coronary death; to reduce the risk of heart attack; and to reduce the risk for undergoing cardiac procedures (coronary artery bypass grafting and percutaneous transluminal coronary angioplasty).

WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED

Some people should not take ZOCOR. Discuss this with your doctor.

ZOCOR should not be used by patients who are allergic to any of its ingredients. In addition to the active ingredient simvastatin, each tablet contains the following inactive ingredients: cellulose, lactose, magnesium stearate, iron oxides, titanium dioxide, and starch. Butylated hydroxyanisole is added as a preservative.

Patients with liver problems: ZOCOR should not be used by patients with active liver disease or repeated blood test results indicating possible liver problems. (See WARNINGS.)

Women who are or may become pregnant: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus. **Women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely that they will become pregnant.** If a woman does become pregnant while on ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once.

Women who are breast-feeding should not take ZOCOR.

Patients who are also taking the prescription drug Posicor (mifepridil) should not take ZOCOR.

WARNINGS

Liver: About 1% of patients who took ZOCOR in clinical trials developed elevated levels of some liver enzymes. Patients who had these increases usually had no symptoms. Elevated liver enzymes usually returned to normal levels when therapy with ZOCOR was stopped.

In the ZOCOR Survival Study, the number of patients with more than one liver enzyme level elevation to greater than 3 times the normal upper limit was no different between the ZOCOR and placebo groups. Only 9 patients on ZOCOR and 5 on placebo discontinued therapy due to elevated liver enzyme levels. Patients were started on 20 mg of ZOCOR, and one third had their dose raised to 40 mg.

Your doctor should perform routine blood tests to check these enzymes before you start treatment with ZOCOR and periodically thereafter (for example, semiannually) for your first year of treatment or until one year after your last elevation in dose. If your enzyme levels increase, your doctor should order more frequent tests. If your liver enzyme levels remain unusually high, your doctor should discontinue your medication.

Tell your doctor about any liver disease you may have had in the past and about how much alcohol you consume. ZOCOR should be used with caution in patients who consume large amounts of alcohol.

Muscle: Tell your doctor right away if you experience any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness at any time during treatment with ZOCOR, particularly if you have a fever or if you are generally not feeling well, so your doctor can decide if ZOCOR should be stopped. Some patients may have muscle pain or weakness while taking ZOCOR. Rarely, this can include muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients taking certain other drugs along with ZOCOR, such as the lipid-lowering drug Lopid (gemfibrozil), a fibrinolytic; lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid (niacin); the antibiotics erythromycin and clarithromycin; nefazodone; antifungal drugs that are azole derivatives, such as itraconazole and ketoconazole; the calcium channel blocker Posicor; or drugs that suppress the immune system (called immunosuppressive drugs, such as Sandimmune (cyclosporine)). Therapy with ZOCOR should be temporarily interrupted if you are going to take an azole derivative antifungal medication, such as itraconazole. Patients using ZOCOR along with any of these other drugs should be carefully monitored by their physician. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems or diabetes.

If you have conditions that can increase your risk of muscle breakdown, which in turn can cause kidney damage, your doctor should temporarily withhold or stop ZOCOR. Such conditions include severe infection, low blood pressure, major surgery, trauma, severe metabolic, endocrine and electrolyte disorders, and uncontrolled seizures. Also, since there are no known adverse consequences of briefly stopping therapy with ZOCOR, treatment should be stopped a few days before elective major surgery. Discuss this with your doctor, who can explain these conditions to you.

Because there are risks in combining therapy with ZOCOR with lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid (niacin) or with drugs that suppress the immune system, your doctor should carefully weigh the potential benefits and risks. He or she should also carefully monitor patients for any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly during the initial months of therapy and if the dose of either drug is increased. Your doctor may also monitor the level of certain muscle enzymes in your body, but there is no assurance that such monitoring will prevent the occurrence of severe muscle disease.

PRECAUTIONS

Before starting treatment with ZOCOR, try to lower your cholesterol by other methods such as diet, exercise, and weight loss. Ask your doctor about how best to do this. Any other medical problems that can cause high cholesterol should also be treated.

ZOCOR® (simvastatin) is less effective in patients with the rare disorder known as homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia.

Drug Interactions: Because of possible serious drug interactions, it is important to tell your doctor what other drugs you are taking, including those obtained without a prescription.

ZOCOR can interact with Posicor, Lopid, niacin, erythromycin, clarithromycin, nefazodone, certain antifungal drugs, and drugs that suppress the immune system (called immunosuppressive drugs, such as Sandimmune). (See WARNINGS, Muscle.)

Some patients taking lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR and certain anticoagulants (a type of blood thinner) have experienced bleeding and/or increased blood clotting time. Patients taking these medicines should have their blood tested before starting therapy with ZOCOR and should continue to be monitored.

Endocrine (Hormone) Function: ZOCOR and other drugs in this class may affect the production of certain hormones. Caution should be exercised if a drug used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spiroonolone, cimetidine) that may decrease the levels or activity of hormones. If you are taking any such drugs, tell your doctor.

Central Nervous System Toxicity; Cancer, Mutations, Impairment of Fertility: Like most prescription drugs, ZOCOR was required to be tested on animals before it was marketed for human use. Certain tests were designed to achieve higher drug concentrations than humans achieve if recommended dosing. In some tests, the animals had damage to the nerves in the central nervous system. In studies of mice with high doses of ZOCOR, the likelihood of certain types of cancerous tumors increased. No evidence of mutations or of damage to genetic material has been seen. In one study with ZOCOR, there was decreased fertility in male rats.

Pregnancy: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus.

Safety in pregnancy has not been established. In studies with lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR, there have been rare reports of birth defects of the skeleton and digestive system. Therefore, women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely they will become pregnant. If a woman does become pregnant while taking ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once. The active ingredient of ZOCOR did not cause birth defects in rats at 6 times the human dose or in rabbits at 4 times the human dose.

Nursing Mothers: Drugs taken by nursing mothers may be present in their breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, a woman taking ZOCOR should not breast-feed. (See WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED.)

Pediatric Use: ZOCOR is not recommended for children or patients under 20 years of age.

SIDE EFFECTS

Most patients tolerate treatment with ZOCOR well; however, like all prescription drugs, ZOCOR can cause side effects, and some of them can be serious. Side effects that do occur are usually mild and short-lived. Only your doctor can weigh the risks versus the benefits of any prescription drug. In clinical studies with ZOCOR, less than 1.5% of patients dropped out of the studies because of side effects. In a large, long-term study, patients taking ZOCOR experienced similar side effects to those patients taking placebo (sugar pills). Some of the side effects that have been reported with ZOCOR or related drugs are listed below. This list is not complete. Be sure to ask your doctor about side effects before taking ZOCOR and to discuss any side effects that occur.

Digestive System: Constipation, diarrhea, upset stomach, gas, heartburn, stomach pain/cramps, anorexia, loss of appetite, nausea, inflammation of the pancreas, hepatitis, jaundice, fatty changes in the liver, and, rarely, severe liver damage and failure, cirrhosis, and liver cancer.

Muscle, Skeletal: Muscle cramps, aches, pain, and weakness; joint pain; muscle breakdown.

Nervous System: Dizziness, headache, insomnia, tingling, memory loss, damage to nerves causing weakness and/or loss of sensation and/or abnormal sensations, anxiety, depression, irritability, loss of balance, psychic disturbances.

Skin: Rash, itching, hair loss, dryness, nodules, discoloration.

Eyes/Senses: Blurred vision, altered taste sensation, progression of cataracts, eye muscle weakness.

Hypersensitivity (Allergic) Reactions: On rare occasions, a wide variety of symptoms have been reported to occur either alone or together in groups (referred to as a syndrome) that appeared to be based on allergic-type reactions, which may rarely be fatal. These have included one or more of the following: a severe generalized reaction that may include shortness of breath, swelling, digestive symptoms, and low blood pressure and even shock; an allergic reaction with swelling of the face, lips, tongue and/or throat with difficulty swallowing or breathing, symptoms mimicking lupus (a disorder in which a person's immune system may attack parts of his or her own body); severe muscle and blood vessel inflammation; bruises, various disorders of blood cells (that could result in anemia, infection, or blood clotting problems) or abnormal blood tests; inflamed or painful joints; hives; fatigue and weakness; sensitivity to sunlight; fever, chills; flushing; difficulty breathing; and severe skin disorders that vary from rash to a serious burn-like shedding of skin all over the body, including mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth.

Other: Loss of sexual desire, breast enlargement, impotence.

Laboratory Tests: Liver function test abnormalities including elevated alkaline phosphatase and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities.

NOTE: This summary provides important information about ZOCOR. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the professional labeling and then discuss it with them.

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LETTERS



Africa Rising

“While we don’t want to have unrealistic expectations, prospects for an African Renaissance are brightening.”

*Ed Royce, U.S. Representative, California
Washington*

YOUR REPORT “AFRICA RISING” WAS A welcome contribution to a better understanding of what’s really happening on the continent [WORLD, March 30], but I missed seeing in-depth coverage of the overall economic situation there. Business is carried out in the name of free and fair competition, but that requires a balance of power, and there is no such balance. There is virtually no protection for Africans against the imported goods and surplus produce from Europe that are being dumped on the market. For many Africans, life is solely a matter of survival and freedom of speech has very little meaning.

*Kjell-Erik Nordlie
Vallset, Norway*

YOU STATED THAT “LIFE IS FINALLY looking up for many Africans,” but those of us committed to the resettlement of refugees know that it is not getting better, unfortunately, for many others. Not all in Africa is a bed of roses. The thorns are still tearing away at millions of dispossessed people throughout the continent who have lost their homes. U.S. refugee policy closes the door on some of the most severely oppressed and displaced people in the world. The number of Africans admitted to the U.S. is absurdly low in relation to the need in Africa.

*Ralston H. Deffenbaugh Jr.
Executive Director
Lutheran Immigration and
Refugee Service
New York City*

YOU STRUCK A GOOD BALANCE IN YOUR article between the political and economic progress many African nations have made and the considerable challenges remaining for the continent. While we don’t want to have unrealistic expectations, prospects for an African Renaissance are brightening. As you reported, African countries are opening their economies, allowing individuals to prosper and achieve independence from development aid. It is encouraging that

Eritrean President Isaias Afewerki and other new-era African leaders understand the need for Africans to shape their own destinies, creating self-sustaining countries. The bipartisan African Growth and Opportunity Act promises to further this progress by encouraging economic reforms and promoting mutually beneficial trade with the U.S.

*Ed Royce, U.S. Representative
39th District, California
Washington*

LEAVE AFRICA ALONE! LET THE AFRICANS decide the scale of their economies, the most appropriate technologies to use and the level of industrialism that is desirable. Buy their products, yes. Offer favorable terms of trade, yes. But don’t organize their economies for them by offering Western models of unlimited growth in a finite environment. Multinational corporations that do business in Africa should guarantee that most of the benefits go to Africans.

*Mark Hackler
Glenview, Ill.*

BLAME FOR AFRICA’S ILLS HAS IN THE PAST been wrongly laid at the doorstep of foreigners. We have come to accept, however, that our choices of the wrong political and economic models following independence from the colonial powers have been the cause of most of our present misery. The economic and political reforms under way in many of our countries will at long last translate into more freedom and higher living standards for us. In Kenya and other African countries, reforms are being implemented that will result in privatization of state enterprises, more efficient public-service structures, a concerted fight against corruption, and removal of economic controls. It is no exaggeration to state that Africa is the new—and last—frontier for investors.

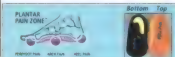
*Micah Chesherem, Governor
Central Bank of Kenya
Nairobi*

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Feet hurt? Really hurt? Chances are you have weak or fallen arches. When your arches start to give way the pain spreads from the balls of your feet to your heels, your ankles, your legs, and even your lower back.

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Size	Sm	Med	Lg	X-Lg	XX-Lg
Men	5-6 1/2	7-7 1/2	8-8 1/2	9-10 1/2	11-13
Women	5-7 1/2	8-9 1/2	10-10 1/2	11-13	N/A

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Are you living under the threat of change or in the hope of it?



In 1997, 166,740 businesses started. 83,384 businesses stopped.

Somewhere, in the middle of all these numbers, is success.

Whether a business is big or small, old or new, its well-being depends on its ability to adapt.

What if your biggest competitor, today, launches a product that could very well sink your biggest line?

Or, what if an unforeseen shift in currency prices suddenly opens a new market? Or closes an old one? How will you adapt?

Your technology can play a big role in how fast and how well you can deal with change, especially if it's integrated so that all the parts work together seamlessly.

A Digital_Nervous_System does this.



A Digital_Nervous_System relies on connected PCs and integrated software to make information flow more rich, rapid and accurate. This helps you respond quickly to the surprises you know are coming.

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THERE IS MUCH SPECULATION AS TO what Clinton's visit has meant for South Africa. I wonder just what impact this trip has had on all the President's men and the President himself. Africa has much to give and teach to those open enough to receive and learn.

*Keith Graham Coats
Durban, South Africa*

Tolerating Clinton's Flaws

ARE WE IN DENIAL OF THE OBVIOUS? ARE we not aware that America's own declining moral and ethical standards are reflected in the polls that sanction the alleged conduct of the President [NATION, March 30]? We individually need to become cognizant of our personal values in order to effect change. Americans should not accept less than the most noble of ideals in our leaders.

*Vivian Weede
Oro Valley, Ariz.*

CLINTON IS COURAGEOUS. HE ATTACKS his attackers, tempts fate by wading fearlessly into crowds, lies when he must and damns the consequences. He's crafty, and has consistently outwitted a hostile Congress by appearing to give it what it wants. He is charismatic and feckless, and women (apparently) adore him. In the multiplex theater that has become the U.S., the virtual reality is Hollywood, not Washington. We want a touch of strife and then a happy ending.

*James E. Hashim
Jacksonville, Fla.*

A TROUBLING FINDING OF YOUR POLL IS that most Americans seem to be indifferent to the charges that face President Clinton. Am I really to believe that groping women at will and committing perjury (if those charges prove to be true) are acceptable behavior for anyone? Shame on us, the American people, for not demanding more from the highest office of the country. Shame on feminists for offering little or no support for these women. History will remember us as fools and cowards.

*Neil D. Salisbury
Dallas*

THE U.S. USED TO BE THE COUNTRY WHERE the Bill of Rights was the law. Now it seems that the Rights of Bill are ruling the country. Shame on him.

*Erik Svarre
Copenhagen*

NOT ONE OF THE WOMEN INVOLVED in the Clinton soap opera took legal action at the time they claim they were sexually harassed. Now they appear to be on

the bandwagon to enrich themselves one way or another. They make me feel ashamed to be a woman.

*June Prentice
Athens*

WHY ARE SOME AMERICANS TRYING TO ruin their nation by harassing President Clinton? People are trying to dig up anything they can to destroy him. But he is only human, capable of committing mistakes. Don't condemn him. Instead, try to see the good he has done. Americans are lucky to have him.

*Stella Vilar de Asis
Muscat, Oman*

Doing it Suharto's Way

INDONESIAN PRESIDENT SUHARTO IS ACTING like a kleptocrat who allows those under his care to suffer for his failures [WORLD, March 23]. He must be made to understand that finding solutions to Indonesia's economic disarray isn't about losing face but about the salvation of 202 million people. This "my way or the highway" behavior of Suharto's is an in-

Iceberg! Lifeboats! Action!



In "The Titanic Riddle," Charles Krauthammer raised some questions about the old maritime tradition of women and children first

[ESSAY, March 30]. Our readers had their own views about who should get priority seating on a lifeboat. Rather than accepting Krauthammer's suggestion that women should refuse a place in any such craft, Lorraine Lundstedt of Laurel, N.Y., proposed that female disaster victims, "out of sheer feminist self-respect, should say, 'My father and brothers taught me to row. Let's go!'" William A. Weeks of Etobicoke, Ont., had a different solution: "Surely the answer to who gets seats in the lifeboats on a future Titanic is easy: first-class passengers." Bob Seasor of Bergland, Mich., came up with yet another alternative. "I was raised to respect women," remarked Seasor, "so I would throw the women into the lifeboats first. If they choose to jump from the boat into the sea to make room for a more 'deserving' male, that would be their option."

sult to those who have come to Indonesia's aid. Suharto is finding it hard to relinquish even a modicum of authority.

*Roy Christy
Bangalore, India*

Can Nike Fight Back?

THE DESCENT OF NIKE, ITS LOSS OF sales in the U.S., is great news [BUSINESS, March 30]. Nike has done more than its fair share to mislead the youth of America through unrealistic and outrageous TV commercials. Athletes who come from disadvantaged backgrounds should be acting as role models for youngsters, but they accept millions of dollars to promote Nike and seem to care little about kids who come from similar backgrounds. I have discouraged others from buying Nike products for years; now I hope millions of parents will do the same. Should Nike have a change of heart, stop misleading America's youth and become a made-in-the-U.S. company instead of using cheap labor in Asia, I could change my opinion.

*John R. Galloway
Las Vegas*

NIKE SHOES HAVE BEEN PRICED OUT OF the reach of many Americans for some years now. The single best remedy for the company's woes is to market its products at a reasonable price. Charging \$100 for a \$50 pair of running shoes won't do. We have to be able to afford Nikes in order to wear them.

*Mark McClenahan
Scottsdale, Ariz.*

I DISLIKE THE NIKE COMPANY BECAUSE it pays athletes a fortune to pitch its products, buying its way into any market it wants. Bah! I have boycotted Nike's products for years, and will continue to. This company is the Microsoft wannabe of the athletic-shoe industry.

*Mike Najera
Haslett, Mich.*

The Role of Court Clerks

FORMER SUPREME COURT CLERK EDWARD Lazarus' book *Closed Chambers* [NATION, March 30] presents a misleading and distorted account of the 1988 term of the court, including what he says about me. It's sad that Lazarus has violated his duty of confidentiality to the court for money and has maligned the honorable men and women who have served as justices and law clerks. His notion that 27-year-old law clerks "spoon fed" legal arguments to America's most eminent jurists is absurd. His conduct is particularly reprehensible because he knows those of

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us who adhere to the court's ethical canons may not respond specifically to his allegations. I can say, however, that I have helped defend capital and other criminal defendants since my clerkship.

Robert J. Guffra Jr.
New York City

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McCall/Tooten HS
Mobile, AL



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Glendale, AZ



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Fort Smith, AR



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Brea HS
Brea, CA



Jessica C. Tan
Troy HS
Fullerton, CA



Farzad Alem
Laguna Hills HS
Laguna Hills, CA



Blair Hull
Elymore HS
Livermore, CA



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Pinewood School
Los Altos Hills, CA



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Moorpark, CA



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Panama City, FL



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Vivian/Griffith HS
Tampa, FL



Jennifer M. Cole
Pavoni/Catholic HS
Cullman, GA



Ian Parrish
Centreak HS
Centreak, IL

1998 RECIPIENTS OF THE TANDY PRIZE

Tandy Corporation, the parent company of RadioShack and Computer City, developed the Tandy Technology Scholars program and the Tandy Prize in 1989 to honor high school students and teachers for outstanding achievement. The Tandy Prize has been given to the students and teachers pictured here in recognition of their exceptional merit in mathematics, science and computer science; it includes the following awards:

- \$2500 awards to 100 high school teachers
- \$1000 scholarships to 100 high school students
- Certificates of Recognition to all nominees for

these awards, and to all high school seniors from participating schools who are in the Top 2% of their class

Sometimes achievements in the classroom are overshadowed by achievements on the playing field. While we appreciate the importance of athletics, we feel our country must do better to recognize and celebrate America's "Champions of the Classroom." Through Tandy Technology Scholars, our goal is to see that outstanding students and teachers receive the attention and accolades they so richly deserve.

TEACHER Tandy Prize Recipients 1997-1998

(continued from previous page)

 David R. Wood Rock Island HS Rock Island, IL	 Ken L. Turner, Jr. Schwabburg HS Schwabburg, IL	 Robert M. Paryga Augs Community HS Summit, IL	 John A. Carter Cromwell HS District 94 West Chicago, IL	 Donna Osborn Jefferson HS Lafayette, IL	 Douglas Herman East HS Sewar, IL, IA	 Becky Gindwin K State/Douglasville Dunwoody, GA	 Steven B. Case Olathe East HS Olathe, KS
 Susan Nourse Tabor Academy Marion, MA	 Martha A. Lyden Arlington Regional HS Northbrook, MA	 Anika M. Clark Marshall HS Marshall, MI	 David W. Chapman Gilmers HS Okemos, MI	 Richard Enderton Minnetonka Academy Minnetonka, MN	 Rachel Mizeed Columbus HS Columbus, MS	 Mary Linton Gaulton M. J. Gaulton HS Columbia, MS	 Connie King Moton Oak Grove HS Hartsville, MS
 Joan J. Taylor Green Valley HS Henderson, NV	 David W. Thiel Green Valley HS Henderson, NV	 Michael T. Roche High Technology HS Lincoln, NJ	 George R. Gross Lincoln HS Union, NJ	 Patricia K. Ruff Wassonville Regional Warren, NJ	 Frances P. Treppe Vestal HS Westfield, NJ	 Harvey Wiener Wagon Wheel Bellmore, NY	 Sara Burstein Academy of St. Joseph Brentwood, TN

STUDENT Tandy Prize Recipients 1997-1998

(continued from previous page)

 Kaitlin D. Minkoff Westside Senior High Lake Forest, IL	 Danae Radwan Bates Academy Lisle, IL	 Bridget Ellen Inzer New View Senior HS Winnetka, IL	 Nicholas M. Mitr Bourneville Community HS Pleasant Valley, IA	 Sara J. Gabel Beech Marshalltown HS Marshalltown, IA	 Nicholas Sarawat Marshalltown HS Marshalltown, IA	 Kalla R. Young Derby HS Derby, KS	 Micah M. Stepien Louisburg HS Louisburg, KS
 Vicky Dine Troy, MI	 Guang-Yan Liu Washington HS Minnetonka, MN	 Justin Odegaard Winona HS Winona, MN	 Christine Maw-Jarvis Harttsburg HS Harttsburg, MS	 Kari Lynn-Altst Magnolia High School Seneca, MS	 Amanda Swenson Oak Park HS Kansas City, MO	 Gregory A. Miller St. Pius X HS Kansas City, MO	 Bradley W. Corfies Raytown South HS Raytown, MO
 Kimberly M. Rubin West Genesee HS Camillus, NY	 Michael D. McNabb L. Mikoyan Park II HS Great Neck, NY	 Brooke Lang Harborfields HS Greenwich, NY	 Christopher C. Wells Lake Geneva HS Lake George, NY	 Devon J. Battaglia Green-Anne HS Rochester, NY	 Stephen Embase Charlotte City Senior Charlotte, NC	 Tiffany Marie Grilwell Columbia HS Columbia, NC	 Randal T. Ravich St. Mary's Center HS Brimfield, ND

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Riverview Bridge HS
Browns Bridge, LA



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St. Mary's Gumboire HS
New Orleans, LA



Randi L. McCormick
Colfax HS
Colfax, ME



David J. Brock
Kearney Park Liberty School
Baltimore, MD



Ed Rohde
Centennial HS
Elbert City, MD



Hansel Marian Sevan
Chelsea HS
Chelsea, MA



Sheryl M. Waugal
Starkville HS
Starkville, MS



Marlene Sue Rhea
Eldon HS
Eldon, MO



John Sodo
Lebanon HS
Lebanon, MO



Erica Diane Maxwell
Greenwood Lab. School
Springfield, MO



Mary Harris
John Burroughs School
St. Louis, MO



Michele Perrin
Norman Hall HS
St. Louis, MO



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Kearney HS
Kearney, NE



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Bixton, RI



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Roscommon, MI



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Humboldt, NE



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Amber March
Middleborough Academy
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Walden, NY



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Brookside-Brookside HS
Brookside Heights, OH



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Magnificat HS
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Kris R. Istanta
Upper Arlington HS
Upper Arlington, OH



Jack Travis Roach
Navajo HS
Alton, OK



Mark Inman
Markham HS
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Conville HS
Coquille, OR



Brian Amos Oskay
Gresham HS
Gresham, OR



Michael D. Maloney
Sawzen Valley HS
Hellersville, PA

TEACHER

Tandy Prize Recipients 1997-1998

(continued from previous page)



Judy Blika Baska
Shiloh-Camden HS
Philadelphia, PA



Cristina Czupara
Stuebbs-Houston
Pittsburgh, PA



Sam Gough
Tow-Norfolk Acad.
Salisbury, PA



Diane Hertenstein
Paul M. Gorman HS
Spartanburg, SC



Françoise Perry
Cox Ridge HS
Oak Ridge, TN



Cindy Boyd
Arlene HS
Arlene, TX



Herman Keith
The Kinkaid School
Houston, TX



Tim Walter
Business Center HS
San Antonio, TX



Adella Vanni
Skyline HS
Salt Lake City, UT



Justin Allard
Barrington HS
Barrington, IL



Eva Gustaf
Cassidy
Museum HS
Muskegon, MI



Frank William Balle
Ridgely HS
Ridgely, VA



Martha Owen
Stead
Barrington School
Barrington, VA



Thomas D. Lee
Larkin-Sandwich
Battle Ground, WA



John S. Phillips
Tow-Norfolk Acad.
Salisbury, VA



John Gallagher
Fort Angeles HS
Fort Angeles, VA



Robin Ellen Robinson
Shorewood HS
Shorewood, VA



Kaitlin Sanson
Lynchwood HS
Fairmont, WV



Barbara E. Macken
Ridley HS
Ridley, WV



Bruce G. Smith
Apper North HS
Apper, WI



Anne Engstrom
Greenleaf HS
Greenleaf, WI



Bobbi Medert
Waltona West HS
Waltona, WI

STUDENT

Tandy Prize Recipients 1997-1998

(continued from previous page)



Joseph A. Jackson
Lester HS
Monaca, PA



Alan Alexander Smith
Pineville-Smyth HS
Phoenixville, PA



Michael S. Brannon
Horn HS
Pittsburgh, PA



Geoffrey Tolson
Frye
Reading HS
Reading, PA



Kimberly Haines
Clemson HS
Clemson, SC



Britton James Samsel
Academy Magnet HS
North Charleston, SC



Adam King
Farquar HS
Knoxville, TN



Kristina Swartz
Hepner-Halstead
Nashville, TN



Mary Kelly Hadden
Saint Cecilia-Cadogan
Nashville, TN



Douglas Elnor
Chambers HS
Chambers, TX



Anita Ash Barkus
Plymouth Day
Fort Worth, TX



Anthony Lee Chavez
R.L. Shackel HS
Fort Worth, TX



Sami Kiser
Mills HS
Houston, TX



Cathy Tran
Smyth Academy
Houston, TX



Joyce Capra-Kent
St. Augustine HS
Laredo, TX



Sinaai I. Patel
Flora-Lane HS
Pflug, TX



Brad Lepp
North-Hall HS
San Antonio, TX



Nathaniel Major
Brentwood HS
Brentwood, UT



Andy Wakefield
Luster HS
Lustin, UT



Megan Rosemary Hanes
Fountain HS
Arlington, VA



Dana Lynne Hill
Frank-Walker HS
Virginia Beach, VA



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RadioShack, a Division of Tandy Corporation, sponsors the Tandy Technology Scholars trophy presentations at prize-recipients' schools.

NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“I’m not kidding around when I say I’m done with this process. I am not going to spend time walking the halls of Congress in the context of a process that I see is completely broken.”

STEVEN GOLDSTONE,
chairman and CEO of
RJR Nabisco, parent of
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco

“The tobacco industry has few friends to begin with, and fewer after yesterday.”

BRUCE REED,
Clinton adviser, in the
Washington Post

“Should I make you cry? This is a comedy show, after all. It’s not good to have the audience crying.”

JERRY SEINFELD,
to the audience viewing the
taping of his final show

“It sat in a cabinet and looked pretty, but I keep hearing about more deaths and deaths and deaths.”

ALICE VINES,
who lost her china (and her
home) after tornadoes struck
Alabama, leveling more than
1,100 houses and killing 33
people, in the New York Times



THE CLOSER In a brilliant example of a leader’s willingness to risk political capital, British Prime Minister Tony Blair went to Belfast to help push and persuade the long-standing belligerents to cut a deal for peace in Northern Ireland

WINNERS & LOSERS

BLONDS HAVE MORE WON

DR. LAURA SCHLESSINGER
Love guru quits big TV deal
because of CBS’s ties to Howard
Stern. Morality in media? Egad!

TARA LIPINSKI
Skater turns pro for the best of
reasons: “I don’t want to be 21
and not know my dad”

MARY BONO
Bests Pa Walton for the Palm
Springs seat in Congress

QUENTIN TARANTINO
Bad boy actor-director is shish
kebabbled by Broadway critics for
his thug role in *Wait Until Dark*

WAYWARD WIZARDS
Chris Webber and Juwan Howard
investigated; this pair needs
more focus, fewer fouls

NORMA HOLLOWAY JOHNSON
Exec-privilege judge insists on
keeping hearings closed. Why?



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TOPIC A

A Boxed-In Starr Gets Heat from Kendall

KEN STARR, INVESTIGATE THYSELF. THAT was the tricky spot the independent counsel found himself in last week after Deputy Attorney General **ERIC HOLDER** told Starr to probe charges that one of his main Whitewater witnesses took money originating with billionaire Clinton hater **RICHARD SCAIFE**. Happy to point out

the awkwardness of this situation was presidential lawyer **DAVID KENDALL**. In a five-page letter, obtained by **TIME**, Kendall explained why Starr is the wrong man to investigate **DAVID HALE**,

who has accused the President of wrongdoing. Not only has Starr relied heavily on Hale's testimony, Kendall notes, but his own FBI agents are alleged to have driven Hale to the fishing cabin where he reportedly met with Scaife's agents. Kendall also points out Starr's connection to Scaife, a major underwriter of the post awaiting Starr at Pepperdine University, and the fact that Starr's good pal **TED OLSON** is Hale's lawyer and a board member of the American Spectator foundation through which the Hale payments allegedly flowed. The letter



Kendall

followed by a day what a Clinton-connected lawyer called the "diabolically clever" missive from Holder that put Starr in this box. Now Starr must either deny a conflict, or at least the appearance of one, and conduct the inquiry, or acknowledge a problem and pitch the matter back to the Justice Department, risking an outcry that his impartiality can be questioned on far more than this one piece of his wide-ranging investigation of Clinton. "He's horns-woggled," said a Clintonite. —By **Viveca Novak/Washington**

THE PENTAGON

Gays Say Don't Rely on Don't Ask, Don't Tell

THE PENTAGON ONCE AGAIN LAST WEEK HAD to defend its "Don't ask, don't tell" policy. It was implemented in 1994, after a debate between the White House, which wanted to let gays serve openly, and Congress and the military, which did not. The compromise ostensibly protected gays in



Cohen

uniform so long as they didn't flaunt their sexual orientation. But the number of personnel kicked out of the service for being gay soared from 617 in 1994 to 997 last year. The Pentagon says that 80% of those removed in 1997 declared their homosexuality; they told. Gay-rights groups instead pointed to witch hunts by overly zealous officers. Defense Secretary **WILLIAM COHEN** apparently thinks they have a point, and he is shortly expected to approve new guidelines to ensure that the policy is implemented

fairly. Commanders will have to get permission to investigate from military legal authorities. Also, inducements for implicating others in gay relationships will not be so easily offered, and soldiers who harass their fellows by calling them gay will be punished.

—By **Mark Thompson/Washington**

ENVIRONMENT

New Mexico Prepares For Some Hot Waste

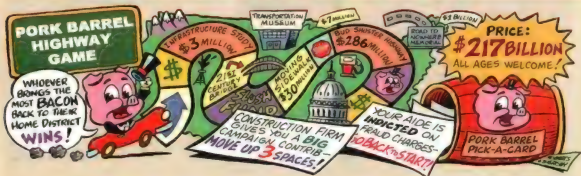
FOR 10 YEARS, THE DEPARTMENT OF Energy's half-mile-deep subterranean nuclear-waste repository in New Mexico has been ready for business, but legal challenges and bureaucratic rigmarole have prevented the WIPP site (for Waste Isolation Pilot Plant) from opening. Now, with the EPA about to bestow its blessing,



WIPP site

the DOE is gearing up to begin receiving plutonium refuse from the nation's mothballed bomb factories. With activists vowing legal action, that's no sure thing. Though officials insist that concerns about everything from fractures to flooding have been addressed, opponents still question the safety of shipping millions of pounds of radioactive waste along the interstates on flatbed trucks. "There are going to be accidents," says **TOM MARSHALL**, director of the Rocky Mountain Peace and Justice Center. "Who knows how well the containers will hold up?" If court maneuvers fail, protests along the routes are likely. —By **Richard Woodbury/Denver**

THE DRAWING BOARD



Sticking Up for America

TOOK A TRIP TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC. IT WAS SOMETHING like Bill Clinton's trip to Africa, except that not having anybody in my traveling party who had ever been subpoenaed, I was spared those nagging reminders of home that you get when you glance across the table after a relaxed dinner on some veranda and notice someone you can still picture emerging from the U.S. Court House.

On the other hand, Clinton was able to avoid public discussion of the latest White House scandal simply by appearing in sober settings with people like Nelson Mandela. Lacking protective schedulers, I was not able to do the same—which hardly seemed fair, since I'm the one who definitely hadn't done anything wrong.

Americans in foreign lands have always encountered the sort of foreigners who like to begin conversations by expressing their inability to understand something about America, as in "I've never understood why you Americans insist on running everything" or "I don't understand why so many Americans are racist, imperialistic thugs."

Even when such remarks reflect a criticism that I share, I've always tended to say something insulting about the other person's country in return. (This may be the sort of thing the career counselors had in mind when they said the diplomatic corps was not a realistic option for me.) If a Frenchman expresses his inability to understand why Americans eat so much frozen food, I can be counted on to steer the conversation around to the wartime behavior of Vichy France.

What troubled me as I left for this trip was the possibility

that the recent bimbo eruptions have made it even more difficult for Americans abroad. Being rather old-fashioned about what is appropriate to discuss with someone I've just met—at least, judging by what's been in the papers, more old-fashioned than the President—I wasn't looking forward to remarks like "I've never understood why you Americans are so hung up on sex" or "I can't understand why you Americans continue to make such randy people President."

Soon after we arrived, I realized that my usual strategy for responding to such remarks was unavailable: the foreign travelers you meet in the South Pacific are often from countries like New Zealand, a place I'm not familiar with enough to know anything insulting about.

What saved the day was the discovery that news from America in the South Pacific is thin and well aged. The first time a New Zealander brought up "the scandal involving that young woman," I felt safe in saying, "If you're talking about Tonya Harding, I think she brought a lot of it on herself."

"Is Tonya the name?" he said, looking mildly puzzled.

"Certainly not Donna Rice," I said. "The President's not much of a boat person."

"And Patty Hearst?" he asked, rather wistfully. "I've always been keen on Patty Hearst."

"Not to worry," I said. "Patty Hearst has not even been called to testify before the grand jury."

He looked relieved. We turned to other topics. ■



HEALTH REPORT

THE GOOD NEWS

FOLATE FOR ALL A new recommendation for women of childbearing age: take a daily supplement of 400 micrograms of folic acid, a B vitamin, to prevent birth defects. A separate study finds that eating cereal fortified with 400 mcg of folic acid can lower a man's blood levels of homocysteine, an amino acid linked to heart disease.

BAG IT Ford plans to offer side air bags on all models. That should put a dent in the 7,000 deaths from side-impact crashes each year.

ATTENTION! Though everyone seems to know a child with attention-deficit disorder, a review of 20 years of data concludes the problem is not overdiagnosed—and the drug Ritalin is not overprescribed.

Sources: National Academy of Sciences and *New England Journal of Medicine*; *Ford Motor Journal*; *Journal of the A.M.A.*



THE BAD NEWS

CEASE C? Just 500 mg a day of vitamin C, a typical supplement dose, may be too much, suggests a British study. Taken at this level, the vitamin seems to cause genetic damage to part of the DNA. For now, you may be better off sticking to low doses—or getting C from food.

HORMONES OF A DILEMMA Adding progestin to estrogen-replacement therapy may weaken estrogen's healthy effect on the heart. But estrogen alone may raise the risk of uterine cancer.

O YE OF TOO MUCH FAITH Research on sick kids who died after parents spurned doctors for faith healers finds traditional medical care could easily have saved 80%. —By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: *Nature*; *Circulation*; *Pediatrics*

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just search around your cave

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The PlayStation 10,000,000 Sweepstakes. Enter and win a special collector's edition PlayStation.



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Name _____ Address _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ E-mail _____ Date of Birth _____ Sex _____ Do you own a PlayStation? Yes No

Fill in entry form or send a postcard with your name, age, gender, address and phone number to: "PlayStation 10 Million" Sweepstakes, c/o Young America, P.O. Box 1851, 717 Essex Road, Young America, PA 15554-1851. PlayStation and the PlayStation logos are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. No purchase necessary. Entries must be received by 5/31/98. 100 first prize winners win a Midnight Blue PlayStation game console. 1,000 second prize winners win a Midnight Blue Dual Shock Analog Controller. Winners determined by a random drawing, to be held on or about 6/15/98, of all valid entries received by SCEA, whose decisions are final. Odds depend on number of entries received. Promotion open to U.S. residents only, excluding residents of NY and FL. For Official Rules see our web site at www.playstation.com or send a S.A.S.E. to the address above. Void in NY and FL, and elsewhere prohibited or restricted by law.

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THE NETLY NEWS

Joshua Quittner

Levittown on the Web

SOME KIDS FIXATE ON TOY CARS OR TRUCKS OR GUNS. When David Bohnett, founder of the surprise smash-hit Website GeoCities (www.geocities.com), was a little boy, his obsession was the telephone. "I still think phones are the coolest," he says. He remembers when touch-tone phones first came to Hinsdale, Ill., his hometown. "I told my parents I'd give up my allowance if they got one," he says.

Bohnett's phone-mania is the Rosebud that explains why GeoCities has grown into the biggest (dare I use the word?) community on the Web. He understands that community is mostly about communicating—and he figured out a way to facilitate both online. Think of him as the Web equivalent of William Levitt, the postwar developer who built affordable homes in suburbs like Levittown, Long Island. Bohnett's was the first Website to supply free home pages, and the tools to build them, to all comers. To date, nearly 1.7 million users have signed up and are publishing their home-brew homages to Leo DiCaprio, Beanie Babies, Windows 95 and everything between.

Doling out freebies online is more than simple largesse, of course. The plan is to turn a profit real soon. Bohnett is, after all, an M.B.A.-packing capitalist. Like other entrepreneurs who have struggled with the How-Do-I-Make-Money-Online riddle, he figured that the first step was to attract a crowd. He started doing that in January 1995, when he got a friend to hang a camera out of the window of his Beverly Hills office and

transmit to the Web live images of a bus-stop bench on Wilshire Boulevard. Oprah featured it and Bohnett on her TV show to illustrate the dubious pleasures of Web snooping. When crowds flocked to the site, Bohnett was ready. He put on his camera page links to "neighborhoods" that were really just more Web pages arranged by topic (such as sports, finance, entertainment). A few months later, he began giving away the home-page real estate, keyed to the same interest groups.

The neighborhoods grew quickly and without any zoning ordinances to speak of. "Our only rule was that your home page had to be consistent with the neighborhood," says Bohnett. In other words, if your site is in the "Pines" section of "Silicon Valley"—which happens to be dedicated to software browsers—your page is supposed to be about software browsers. Volunteer police squads and GeoCities staff members try to root out the occasional pirates, hate-mongers and pornographers, with modest success.

GeoCities is not quite yet in the black. But Bohnett expects to haul in \$17 million this year selling ads on his users' home pages, and he has begun permitting "shopkeepers" to sell goods and services from their sites via credit card. He hopes to take his company public before the end of the year. By then he should be able to buy all the phones he wants. ■

Read the Netly News daily on the Web at netlynews.com



GeoCities: Mr. Bohnett's neighborhood

CODEBREAKERS



CRACKED Thought your new digital cell phone was safe from high-tech thieves? Guess again. Silicon Valley cypherpunks have broken the proprietary encryption technology used in 80 million GSM (Global System for Mobile communications) phones nationwide, including Motorola MicroTAC, Ericsson GSM 900 and Siemens D1900 models. Now crooks scanning the airwaves can remotely tap into a call and duplicate the owner's digital ID. "We can clone the phones," brags Marc Briceno, who organized the cracking. His advice: manufacturers should stick to publicly vetted codes that a bunch of geeks can't crack in their spare time.

CHAIRWARE



PLAY STATION Vidkids hooked on high-impact games with stereo sound tracks will have a tough time leaving their seats at next month's E3 convention. That's when BSG Laboratories will debut the **Intensor**, a \$500 speaker-slotted chair (with between-the-legs bass and separate subwoofer) to give hard-core players a body-thumping shot of visceral reality.



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MILESTONES

PLEADED NO CONTEST. **TOMMY LEE**, 35, temperamental Mötley Crüe drummer; to a felony charge of beating his estranged wife, *Baywatch* icon Pamela Anderson Lee; in Malibu, Calif.



RETIRED. **MARCUS ALLEN**, 38, nimble NFL running back whose career records—123 rushing touchdowns and 587 receptions—were as peerless as his professionalism; to be a commentator for CBS; in Kansas City, Mo.

DIED. **ROB PILATUS**, 32, half of the famously seen-but-not-heard Europop duo Milli Vanilli, which had to relinquish its 1989 Grammy after it was revealed that the pretty boys had lip-synched their album; after reportedly overdosing on drugs and alcohol; near Frankfurt,

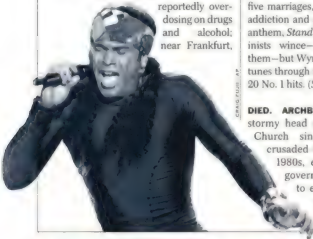
Germany. Pilatus never really recovered from the humiliation: the following year he tried to commit suicide and later spent time in rehab after pleading no contest to assault charges.



DIED. **WENDY O. WILLIAMS**, 48, radically raunchy star of the '80s punk band the Plasmatics who shocked fans with her onstage shenanigans (chain-sawing guitars sometimes clad in little more than strategically placed electrical tape); of a self-inflicted gunshot wound; in Storrs, Conn.

DIED. **TAMMY WYNETTE**, 55, country music's down-home diva; of a blood clot; in Nashville, Tenn. A beautyician turned songstress, she performed often plaintive ballads that imitated her life story: five marriages, bankruptcy, a painkiller addiction and a kidnapping. Her iconic anthem, *Stand by Your Man*, made feminists wince—Hillary Clinton among them—but Wynette stood by her twangy tunes through more than 50 albums and 20 No. 1 hits. (See *EULOGY* below.)

DIED. **ARCHBISHOP SERAPHIM**, 84, stormy head of the Greek Orthodox Church since 1974 who boldly crusaded against the state in the 1980s, excommunicating seven government officials for trying to expropriate the church's vast land holdings; in Athens.



NUMBERS

120 million Number of tax returns IRS estimates will be filed by April 15

30 million Number of individuals who won't file until April 15

6 million Number of filing extensions granted last year



56 Percentage of Americans who believe the nation's wealthiest do not pay their fair share of taxes

30 Percentage of total federal individual tax revenue paid by the nation's wealthiest 1%



\$80 billion Amount IRS estimates is owed each year but never paid

\$80 billion Combined government expenditures for the Legislative and Judicial branches; departments of Commerce, Education and Energy; NASA, FEMA and the EPA



1 Percentage of all taxpayers audited by the IRS

\$28,056,625,000 Amount collected in 1996 through audits

Sources: Washington Post; Internal Revenue Service; Associated Press; *Nak Street Journal*; NBC; *Los Angeles Times*; Tax Foundation.

EULOGY

The first time I saw her in person was in the early '70s at one of my father's "guitar pulls" in his living room, when a lot of musicians and songwriters previewed their new work. I was about 19 years old, with purplish hair and insouciance to spare, and the honored guests were George Jones and **Tammy Wynette**. I sat slack-jawed and transfixed as they sang (*We're Not the Jet Set*. ("No, We're not the Jet Set/ We're the old Chevrolet set/ Our steak and martini/ Is draft beer with weenie"). She sat on the plush blue antique sofa, hair poufed out to here, with nails, makeup and outfit perfectly coordinated. She looked like a lotus blossom sitting next to George Jones, a perfect foil, but



PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS

completely herself. It was the most relaxed I was ever to see her. Tammy was sweet, in the way that only Southern women are sweet, and a bundle of nerves. I don't ever think she got over her ascendancy from the beauty parlor. She was a vehicle for her Voice, and it seemed to have ambition of its own, sometimes overreaching her personal understanding or goals. I remember clearly driving by her house in Nashville and staring at the wrought-iron gates with **FIRST LADY ACRES** scrolled across the top. I think of her—proud but not egotistical (a feat in itself), delicate and strong—and how the world will never be innocent enough again to produce a Tammy Wynette.

—Rosanne Cash

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Taxpayers say they'll take some risks to rescue SOCIAL SECURITY. Politicians are growing bolder too. So ...

CAN CLINTON

By KAREN TUMULTY WASHINGTON

IN A BATTLE-SEASONED WHITE HOUSE, where sex scandals come and go, where the harshest Republican bluster can be deflected and where the thorniest policy questions are routinely polled into submission, it takes something truly scary to cause real trepidation. But fear suffused the White House last fall when members of President Clinton's economic team began their first, tentative debate on tinkering with Social Security. Even on internal schedules that do not leave the building, they cloaked their sessions under the name "special-issue meetings." To stay below the radar, they skulked into the office of National Economic Council chairman Gene Sperling rather than the Roosevelt Room, where so many other grand strategies had been incubated in the past. Staff members considered likely to leak were not invited.

As a result, what followed was something rare in Washington: a surprise. With the rallying cry "Save Social Security first," the President said in his State of the Union address last January that he was ready to take on the largest, most popular and most politically treacherous social program ever devised. His statement was easily written off as a blocking tactic aimed at stopping Republicans from plowing the budget surplus (now projected to be as high as \$75 billion this year alone) into tax cuts. But last week,

in the first of four promised forums on Social Security, Clinton proved he was serious by opening the door a crack to the radical—and, to Democratic traditionalists, heretical—idea of "privatizing" at least part of the system.

More stunning was the amount of public outrage that followed: there was none. The notion of giving individuals the power to invest at least part of their payroll taxes—in stocks, bonds or another savings plan they might choose—raised hardly a complaint in a week when the Dow closed above 9000 for the first time. The stock-market boom has, it seems, turned Americans into a nation of risk takers. In a TIME/CNN poll last week, 60% of those surveyed said they would like to play the market with some of their Social Security taxes; and if they could, 80% said they and not Washington should control where the money

RADICAL Clinton put forth the heretical idea of "privatizing" at least part of the system. And guess what? No one screamed





MAKE IT FLY?

goes. Support was strongest among people under age 35, the group that stands to get the least under the current system.

There are plenty of reasons to be skeptical that anything will come of this. Clinton's proposal for a year-long national debate to be followed by a White House conference on Social Security in December sounds suspiciously like substituting talk for action. That is even truer of the House Republicans' suggestion to put Social Security in the hands of a commission, adding yet another to the parade of blue-ribbon panels that until now have produced little more than unread reports full of alarming statistics and familiar options. And while Clinton last week preached the virtue of acting early—"in the words of the old saying, to fix the roof while the sun is shining"—the fact is, politicians usually have to be staring a crisis in the face before they are willing to do anything painful to stop it. The danger to Social Security is real but not immediate. Though the crunch may begin to be felt as early as

2008, when the system starts paying out more than it brings in, it will not go into bankruptcy for three more decades.

So what would compel Clinton to actually get it done? It's the idea that if he succeeds on Social Security, his final years in office can add up to a more substantial legacy than cell phones for neighborhood-watch groups, meandering conversations about race and a test of whether public-approval ratings have an upper limit. "This is why God created second terms, or at least why the American people hand them out from time to time," says presidential adviser Paul Begala. And Clinton has learned a few lessons from his disastrous first-term foray into health-care policy. He is investing time early in raising the public's understanding of the problem and the pain involved in fixing it. He is holding his options open rather than springing a complicated plan on the public in an election year. Perhaps most important, he is courting Republicans, saying nice things about almost every idea they have on the subject and giving them cover on an issue that Democrats have so often used against them. Clinton arranged his forum last week so it could link up by satellite with similar meetings that five Congressmen were holding in their own districts; three of them were Republicans.

The G.O.P. is more than just a little skittish about Social Security and Medicare; Republicans have come away



PHOTO: GARY WOOD; PHOTOS: GARY WOOD; PHOTOS: GARY WOOD

shell-shocked from their wars with the Democrats. In 1986 the c.o.p. lost its Senate majority over a relatively modest plan to reduce Social Security cost-of-living increases. And remember 1995's "Mediscare"? Democrats convinced seniors that what Republicans billed as an effort to save Medicare was actually a ruthless move to make room in the budget for tax cuts. But with the budget now in surplus, Republicans too sense political

opportunity in Social Security. House Speaker Newt Gingrich is even leaping ahead of Clinton with a proposal to put the budget surplus into personal retirement savings accounts. "If we do not return the surplus to the taxpayer, the politicians in Washington will spend it," he told Time last week. "I don't think time is on our side."

The hardest sell of all will be Clinton's fellow Democrats. Which is why one of the

most significant developments in the Social Security debate has been the plan put forward last month by New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose liberal credentials are as well recognized as his intellect. Moynihan put both on the line with a radical and comprehensive proposal that includes cutting payroll taxes, setting up voluntary personal savings accounts and a host of other moves that either reduce benefits or tax them more heavily. Moynihan's proposal, however, makes it more attractive for seniors to continue working, at least part-time, past retirement age.

In the end, any fix in Social Security will involve adjusting the current system, changing the nature of the program—or, most likely, a little of both. Those who want to keep the existing system on life support can buy time the same way they have before: by raising taxes and reducing benefits. But even the most obvious measures will not be so easy to put in place. Many Americans already pay more in Social Security taxes than they do in income taxes. Further raising the retirement age (now slated to go to 67) as a way of acknowledging

SECURITY VS. RISK

Is there a crisis in the financial condition of the Social Security system?

Crisis 31%
Problem 55%
No problem 10%

Will the Social Security system go bankrupt before you retire?

Yes 54%
No 42%

Do you favor or oppose:

Raising the taxes that higher-income retirees pay on their Social Security benefits? **Favor** 41% **Oppose** 55%

Reducing payments for people receiving benefits? **Favor** 20% **Oppose** 75%

Raising the retirement age to receive full benefits? **Favor** 24% **Oppose** 73%

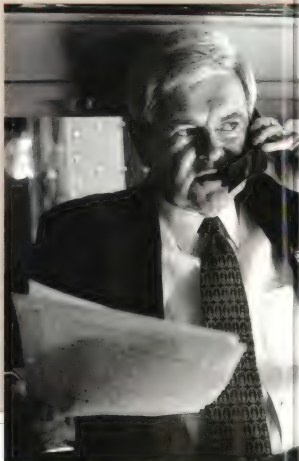
Raising taxes on all Americans receiving benefits? **Favor** 11% **Oppose** 86%

NEWT'S SECRET PLAN: TO STAY RIGHT WHERE HE IS

IN THE LOBBY OF THE 92ND STREET Y, ON THE AFFLUENT UPPER EAST Side of Manhattan, a middle-aged couple stood in line last week, speculating on the motives of the political celebrity they had come to hear. "I'm telling you, he's pushing an agenda," the man said in an agitated voice. His wife calmly replied, "He's pushing his book, that's what he's pushing." The man considered her words and shook his head. "You think Newt Gingrich isn't pushing an agenda? A leopard doesn't change his spots!"

There is an agenda, but probably not the one the man suspected. As Gingrich crisscrosses the country selling *Lessons Learned the Hard Way*, a contrite new book about his tumultuous first three years as Speaker of the House, he is telling audiences and readers alike that he has metamorphosed from the tantrum-prone revolutionary of 1995 into a sober leader who has finally figured out how to run Congress. And by dropping into bookstores in New Hampshire last week and Iowa this week (both early-primary states), he is hinting strongly at a run for the White House. But what Gingrich is really after is not a new job but a second chance in the one he already occupies.

Last fall, the accepted wisdom among House Republicans was that Gingrich planned to give up the speakership next year to launch a long-shot campaign for President. He had said as much himself, sotto voce. And though few of his colleagues believed that the man with the lowest approval rating of any national politician in the U.S. could win the nomination, they assured themselves that the Speaker's real goal was to exit gracefully from the House, a place he was no longer wanted. Newt's plans were so well known that Dick Armye, the majority leader, and Bob Livingston, chairman of the Appropriations Commit-





Should the government allow Americans to invest a portion of their Social Security taxes in investments such as the stock market?

Should 60%
Should not 35%

Should the government compensate those who invest part of their Social Security taxes in their own and make less money than they would have in the Social Security system?

Yes 21% **No 72%**

How do you save for your retirement in any of these ways?

Pension plan paid for by employer 50%
401(k) plan 45%
Tax-deferred IRA 34%
Taxable account 29%
None of the above 25%

that people are living longer would seem to make sense. But an increasing number of Americans are retiring earlier, not later. In fact, 60% of today's Social Security beneficiaries are beginning to collect at 62, accepting reduced benefits to get more years off the job. Only 10% took that option in 1960.

So the existing system may have been stretched about as far as it will go. That is why ideas like privatization are being discussed seriously for the first time outside libertarian and conservative think tanks. Critics have warned that investors expecting big returns may be sobered by enormous administrative costs and turnover fees. And, of course, there is the question of risk: What happens if the market goes into the tank? "For the public to put retirement funds into the stock market is like taking a trip to Las Vegas," warns the Brookings Institution's Henry Aaron.

Even Americans woozy from the stock market's climb will not be deaf to these arguments. They still cling to their traditional concept of Social Security as a safety net, not an alternative to Merrill Lynch. More than two-thirds of those surveyed in

the TIME/CNN poll said they regard Social Security primarily as a benefit program designed to assure the elderly a minimum income during retirement. And that does not take into account that a third of Social Security beneficiaries are not retirees but widows and widowers, children who have lost a parent, and the disabled.

Fixing what's wrong with the system is no trickier than preserving the parts that work. But first the country has to understand which is which. Everyone from the libertarian Cato Institute to the American Association of Retired Persons is ready to offer a different answer, but for now all agree that the main thing is to get people thinking about the issue—something the President alone is positioned to do. That Clinton has seized this moment is testament to political instincts and probably no small amount of polling. What he does with this moment will say something about his courage.

—With reporting by Bruce van Voorst/Washington



WORLDWIDE PLAN
A man on the road because he plans to stay in the House?

tee, have been waging a bitter battle of succession since February.

"It was a foregone conclusion," a senior Republican says of Newt's departure. "Now I'm not so sure." Neither is Gingrich. Much like Clinton, he is beginning to worry about his legacy. Sources close to Gingrich say he hates the idea that he might be remembered as the disgraced Speaker who quit to run a losing presidential campaign. Or one who was distracted by personal ambition just as the Republicans' slim House majority went on the line in this November's election. He would much rather be recalled as the "transformational leader" (his words) who ushered in that majority for a generation. Now that last summer's attempt by House G.O.P. rebels to overthrow him is a distant memory, Gingrich is finding the Speaker's chair a lot more comfortable. "He wants the option of running [for President]," says a close associate. "But what he really wants is to restore his position as leader of the party."

In service to his new image, Gingrich, now slimmer, sunnier and more relaxed, is leaving it to his deputies to trash the President. After Arney declared last week that Bill Clinton is "shameless" and should resign, Gingrich tried hard to avoid being drawn into the name calling. He completely understood Arney's feelings. Gingrich told book buyers at the Barnes & Noble in Manchester, N.H., "but I think all of us are better served by just being patient and letting [Kenneth] Starr finish" his investigation. Besides, Gingrich said later, he would much rather talk about his four "Goals for a Generation"—a presidential-style platform of smooth-edged policy proposals that include a plan to rescue Social Security through individual retirement accounts.

Staying in the Speaker's job may serve more than Gingrich's ego. To many Republicans, he looks good compared to his would-be successors. In a party increasingly divided by factions—between social and economic conservatives, tax cutters and debt hawks, reformers and pork barrelers—coalition builders are hard to find. If Gingrich departs and the G.O.P. coalition that won the House falls apart, he could be remembered as little more than the Speaker of a House of Cards.

—By James Carney/New York



“It would be a moral mistake for Berkeley to continue to rely on the new system.”

—RONALD TAKAKI,
professor, on the drop
in minority admissions

Back to Square One

In California and Texas, two attempts to maintain campus diversity falter on race

By ADAM COHEN BERKELEY

THIS SPRING THE ADMISSIONS COMMITTEE of the University of California, Berkeley evaluated a Latino applicant whose grades and college-board scores were good but not stellar. Following Berkeley's newly redesigned admissions policy, however, the committee looked well beyond the raw numbers. The members learned that although his parents spoke only Spanish, the applicant had single-handedly found his way to a magnet school devoted to science an hour from his home. They took note of the fact that as his English improved, so had his grades. And translating for his parents, as the boy frequently did, had given him an interest in language generally. That had led him to take and do well in advanced-placement Japanese. Send the kid a thick envelope.

The goal of Berkeley's new policy, which was first used to screen the freshman class that will enter this fall, is to give every applicant more attention so the best can be spotted. But Berkeley is going to that trouble for reasons beyond academic altruism. After one of the biggest affirmative-action fights anywhere in the nation, the University of California board of regents banned race as a factor in admitting this year's class. Fearing a sizable drop in

minority enrollment, some supporters of the new plan hoped that the redesigned admissions criteria would sustain campus diversity, without taking account of race per se, after the ban went into effect.

There was much the same problem—and the same hope—in Texas, where in 1996 a federal court banned race-based affirmative action in admissions in the state university system. In response, last year an alliance of state legislators came up with the “10% Plan,” which was first applied to this year's pool of applicants. Any Texas high school student who graduates in the top 10% of his or her class is guaranteed a slot at any of the state's public universities, including the highly selective University of Texas at Austin and Texas A&M. Most of the state's public high schools, most of the students are black or Latino, so sponsors of the plan expected the new law to boost minority enrollments to new highs. Among educators around the country who thought affirmative action might be threatened on their own campuses, the fate of the 10% Plan became a focus of considerable interest.

In both California and Texas, the preliminary results of these experiments are in. And the hopes they inspired—that more minority students could be brought on board through approaches that don't ad-

dress race head on—have deflated. At Berkeley minority admissions have plummeted. Of the 10,509 applicants who were offered a slot this year, only 2.4% are African American, down from 5.6% a year ago. Chicano students of Mexican descent, about 11% of the applicants accepted in 1997, made up just 6% this year. Taken together, African Americans, Native Americans and Latinos of all backgrounds, who constitute about 34% of the state's population, account for just a tenth of this year's admissions. Berkeley admissions director Bob Laird argues that “the outcomes might have been significantly worse had the new policy not been adopted.” He may be right, but to a great many Californians, that's cold comfort.

As for Texas, the numbers were no more encouraging. The 296 African-American students admitted this year at UT Austin represent only 2.9% of all admissions, in contrast to 4.3% (416) the year before the law changed. At Texas A&M admissions of black students fell 3%, and those of Hispanic students went down 7%. “We expected a significant increase in minority numbers, and that did not happen,” concedes Al Kauffman, a senior lawyer with the Mexican American Legal Defense Fund, who helped draft the law. A notable exception: at UT Austin the chief beneficiaries of the new law seem to be Asian students, whose admissions under the 10% Plan rose a whopping 16% in the past two years.

What happened? At Berkeley, which saw 29,961 high school grads competing for only 8,034 spots, a major problem was just how selective the admissions process had to be. Although the new policy decreased emphasis on grades and SAT scores, both remained im-

portant. That was a handicap to many African-American and Hispanic applicants. The National Center for Education Statistics reports that in 1992 nearly 21% of college-bound, non-Hispanic whites had GPAs of 3.5 and higher, compared to just 10% of Hispanics and 4% of blacks. And 25% of non-Hispanic whites had SATs above 1100, compared to 8% of Hispanics and 3% of blacks. California's redesigned admission scheme allows admissions officers to give more favorable consideration to applicants from poorer households. But for African-American and Latino applicants, that was not as helpful to them as considering race was under the old system. One reason is that among less affluent students who applied to Berkeley, Asian Americans were represented much more heavily than blacks or Hispanics.

The reasons for the failure of the Texas 10% Plan are murkier. Some of its supporters argue that the universities did not do a good enough job of publicizing the program. But the university at Austin sent personal letters to each of the 17,000 students across the state who were in the top 10% of their class. Another theory is that states like Oklahoma, where campus affirmative action is still permitted, lured away talented minority students with scholarships. Some educators speculate that the real problem may be that in many impoverished schools even the top graduates are unable to afford the relatively low tuition and board at the Texas campuses involved in the plan. Also, many eligible high school grads may opt not to apply out of fear the work might be too difficult.

Some conservatives argue that being turned away at the admissions stage is better for minority students than being welcomed onto campus only to discover that they have been poorly prepared for the academic work. "It's remarkable how little thought is given to what happens to students when they get there," says Harvard history professor Stephan Thernstrom, co-author of *America in Black and White*. "The blind assumption is that just breathing the air on an elite campus is remediation." But some diversity advocates are so frustrated that they are ready to give up on the whole idea of trying to select the best of the best. "It would be a moral mistake for Berkeley to continue to rely on the new system," says Ronald Takaki, a professor of ethnic studies at Berkeley. He has called for his school to admit its next class from a lottery among the top third of all applicants. With roughly the top one-third of applicants to Berkeley submitting 4.0 GPAs, he argues, any of them would be capable of doing the work. "In terms of excellence," Takaki says, "I don't think Berkeley has to worry about it."

—With reporting by

S.C. Gwynne/Austin

How to Even the Score: Test Prep

UNDERGRADUATE-ADMISSIONS OFFICERS IN CALIFORNIA AND TEXAS MAY BE downgrading—or ignoring altogether—the significance of standardized tests, but don't expect their law-school counterparts to follow suit. At some elite institutions, a candidate's score on the Law School Admissions Test (LSAT) can count for as much as half the total application. The exam is so integral to vetting applications that even supporters of affirmative action reject the idea of dumping the LSAT as a way of recruiting more minority students. Says Michael Sharlot, dean of the University of Texas Law School, where only four blacks enrolled last fall: "It isn't a great predictor of performance in first-year classes, but it's still better than anything else I know."

For prospective minority applicants, those are not comforting words. On average, African Americans score 10 points below white test takers on the 180-point exam. But there is an open secret about law-school admissions tests: the playing field is not level. Whites and Asians are more likely than blacks to take commercial courses designed to prepare students for the LSAT. Though the disparity is slight, experts point to an even more significant test-prep gap: while whites take high-end, intensive courses offered by Kaplan Educational Centers and

the Princeton Review, minorities tend to settle for cheaper, weekend crash courses. The reasons vary from lack of familiarity with the fancy courses (kids who did not use them for the SAT don't think of trying them for the LSAT) to affordability (the better programs run close to \$1,000). But the difference in outcome can be crucial. Kaplan's students average a seven-point jump in LSAT scores. And they tend to end up at the top 25 law schools. Of students at those schools who took LSAT-prep courses, three out of four went through Kaplan.



Better board scores got Stancil into Yale

Backers of diversity are taking notice. Texas Applesed, a nonprofit consortium of lawyers, provides 50 scholarships to minority undergraduates to attend a 16-session Kaplan LSAT course. Kaplan has set up a similar voucher program in California. The New York City-based Thurgood Marshall Scholarship Fund offers students at six historically black universities Princeton Review courses for \$375—half the regular price. "In the short term," Sharlot says, "nothing could be more helpful in increasing the pool of competitive minority applicants than access to the prep courses." He may be right: last summer 16 students took a Princeton Review course at Florida A&M, a black university; six sat for the LSAT in the fall, and five scored in the 150s—on level with the national average for whites. Christie Stancil took the course at North Carolina Central University after her junior year, and her LSATs went up eight points. Her score helped her get into Yale Law School.

The problem: the most enthusiastic supporters of giving test-prep courses to minorities—the law schools themselves—are barred from promoting it. Under the anti-preferences laws in Texas and California, universities cannot use race in their enlistment efforts. And publicly funded efforts to provide test-prep courses via vouchers would likely face challenges in the courts and political resistance from opponents who wonder why disadvantaged whites are not entitled. All of which means test-prep courses may offer only limited help to minority students until such state systems as California and Texas devise a more dependable way to make their student bodies diverse.

—By Ramesh Ratnesar

Charles Krauthammer

Lies, Damn Lies and Racial Statistics

Figures from all the University of California campuses paint another picture

ACCEPTANCE OF BLACKS, LATINOS TO UC PLUNGES

—Los Angeles Times, April 1

ADMISSIONS PLUNGE AT U.C. OF CALIFORNIA FOR THREE MINORITIES

—New York Times, April 1

BLACK, HISPANIC ADMISSIONS PLUNGE AT TWO CALIF. CAMPUSES

—Washington Post, April 1

THE HEADLINES WERE SENSATIONAL, AND THE EDITORIAL writers were not far behind in drawing the politically correct conclusion: PROPOSITION 209 SHUTS THE DOOR (New York Times). In the relentless campaign against Proposition 209, which in 1996 abolished racial preferences in California, the "plunge" in minority students accepted for next fall at the University of California is political dynamite, alleged proof that the new color-blind admissions policy shuts the schoolhouse door in the face of minorities.

Of course, any plunge directly contradicts what proponents of affirmative action have been saying for 25 years: that under affirmative action there was no real academic discrepancy between minorities and whites admitted and that the students were all "qualified," with just marginal differences between them.

So fervently did affirmative-action proponents cling to these fictions that they went to great lengths to suppress the facts. In one famous case, in 1991, a Georgetown University law student who found and published the discrepancy between average white and black LSAT scores found himself reprimanded by the university for publishing the unmentionable.

Well, no matter. The facts are out. And affirmative-action proponents are eagerly waving them like a bloody shirt. At two elite University of California campuses, Berkeley and UCLA, black and Hispanic admissions are down significantly. On the basis of admissions, the number of black freshmen at Berkeley will decline 57% from 1997; the number of Hispanics, 40%. The drop at UCLA is 43% for blacks, 33% for Hispanics.

But the University of California has eight campuses, not two. How are blacks and Hispanics doing overall? University officials did not see fit to release the numbers until two days later, with the predictable result that the full story—the mitigating story—was buried. It turned out that at the University of California, the drop was far less dramatic: for blacks, not 57% but 17.6%; for Hispanics, not 40% but 6.9%.

Even these numbers do not tell the full story. This year there was a huge increase—to 8,846, or fully 15% of admissions—of those who did not identify themselves by race. (This is not surprising, given the fact that after Proposition 209 there was no advantage or disadvantage associated with race.) Not counting these students and looking just at those

whose race we know for sure, black and Hispanic admissions at the UC system declined only slightly, from 17.7% to 17.2% of freshmen. (African Americans going from 3.7% to 3.3%; Hispanics remaining steady at about 14%.) This is shutting the schoolhouse door?

True, there was a significant drop in non-Asian minority admissions to the two most competitive UC schools. But there was a countervailing increase in such admissions at the less competitive schools. At UC Riverside, for example, there was a 34% increase in black admissions and a 43% increase in Hispanic admissions.

What happened? Contrary to the avalanche of media stories, non-Asian minority students are not being shut out of the

University of California. They are, instead and finally, being assigned to campuses that better fit their level of academic preparation.

Affirmative-action proponents decry as a national tragedy the fact that black admissions to Berkeley make up not 5.6% but 2.4% of the freshman class. But what happens *after* admission? Affirmative-action proponents don't tell you that the dropout rate for blacks at Berkeley is 42%, vs. 16% for whites.

Given the huge academic handicap burdening black students admitted under affirmative action—their average SAT scores were 288 points below the Berkeley average—this dropout rate is understandable. These students were arbitrarily thrown into an environment with students far more advanced academically. The result was predictable: failure. Even more tragic is the fact that these bright black students, as social theorist Thomas Sowell puts it, "were perfectly qualified to be successes somewhere else" but were instead "artificially turned into failures by being admitted to high-pressure campuses, where only students with exceptional academic backgrounds can survive."

But the welfare of these individual students is far less important to affirmative-action propagandists than puffing out their chests and boasting about admissions numbers. Consider: under affirmative action, nearly half the black freshmen at Berkeley don't make it. Under the new color-blind system, yes, the black freshman class is cut roughly in half (hence the headlines). What will happen to the less advanced half—those who didn't qualify academically and would probably have ended up among the 42% that drop out? They will likely end up at other UC campuses where they should do very well.

This is a national tragedy? On the contrary. This is showing respect for minority students, treating them as individuals, not statistics. This is caring about their future—academic success, graduation, career—not risking it by artificially assigning them to a school one notch too advanced just to satisfy the moral vanity of quota-driven bureaucrats and politicians. ■



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Fun

IN THE LINE OF FIRE

Working some of Chicago's toughest streets, a Catholic lay worker repeatedly walks into gunfire to stop the shooting—and love the unloved

By **RON STODGHILL II** CHICAGO

IT'S A CHILLY NIGHT ON CHICAGO'S Near North Side, and Bill Tomes is sitting comfortably in the warm interior of his silver Buick Park Avenue. Playing softly on the stereo is his favorite cassette, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic's *Saint-Saëns*. For a moment, at least, the melody seems to have transported him away from this place he calls the "killing field," an eerily barren patch of inner-city landscape that glows starkly in his headlights.

Tomes—or "Brother Bill," as he has come to be known—has seen some of his best friends murdered on this field. The victims are not pals from his college days at Notre Dame or buddies from the well-to-do Evanston neighborhood where he grew up. They are mostly the hardened souls of the Gangster Disciples, their Vice Lord rivals and a tally of cross-fire casualties who lived in the wretched Cabrini-Green housing projects just a mile or so from Chicago's gleaming downtown.

There is Charles Dorsey, dead at 27; Elbert O'Neal, 24; Aron Buckles, 21; Derrrell Ellis, 16; Laquanda Edwards, 15; Laketa Crosby Rodgers, 9; and Dantrell Davis, the youngest, shot to death at 7. Tucked away at home, Brother Bill has a black leather attached case packed with more than 100

obituaries of these, the young and the dead, now gone from his flock.

Fifteen years ago, an extraordinary epiphany drew William Wylie Tomes Jr. to a series of Chicago housing projects, including Cabrini-Green. Since then, as a Roman Catholic lay worker, he has embraced the people of the projects as if they were family and tried to steer them off the path to an early grave. As a consequence, Brother Bill is perhaps the only outsider who can walk freely through the 15 buildings that make up Cabrini-Green or penetrate the paranoid, often vicious circle the gangsters have built around themselves.

"What up, Brother Bill!" a voice booms outside the car. Brother Bill gets out of the car and hugs the boy. "You da man," the boy says, his shoulders hunched in the cold as he awaits customers for the crack cocaine and heroin he is peddling.

"Naw, Dee, you da man," Brother Bill belts out in his best street drawl. "Always will be."

Everyone in Cabrini-Green, it seems, knows Brother Bill, 63. He is a difficult man to overlook, his 5-ft., 11-in., 220-lb. frame clad in a trademark flowing, sky-blue cassock made from hundreds of tattered denim patches. That robe has become an understood symbol of peace and humility in this place with precious little of either. Fifty-three times, by his count, he

"I'm an ordinary man on an extraordinary mission."

—BROTHER BILL



has waded into gunfire in order to stop it. Fifty-three times, the gunfire has stopped. And 53 times, he has emerged unscathed.

He talks trigger-itching assailants into putting away their guns and going home to their families. He sits beside wounded gangsters who hope to die and persuades them to live. And he insists that there is nothing special about him or his accomplishments. "I'm an ordinary man on an extraordinary mission," he says.

Inevitably, Brother Bill, whose small stipend of \$20,000 is funded by the non-profit Catholic Charities, has his critics. But not many. Some say he goes too easy on gangsters who recount their murderous acts to him without fear of betrayal, who borrow money from him and never pay him back, who curse, smoke and drink around him as if he were one of them. "He gives all his attention to the wrong people," gripes a Cabrini resident.



BROTHER BILL takes time to minister to and counsel one of his flock at Cabrini-Green

Brother Bill doesn't subscribe to tough-love theories. He believes that gangsters will not change their ways simply through fear of prison or even the carrot of education or employment—but only by viewing themselves as under the light of a divine presence. He doesn't preach; he loves. His vulnerability, his willingness to put his life on the line, his unconditional offering of acceptance and forgiveness and, yes, love are a constant source of astonishment for men and boys weaned on hate and rejection. "I think he's an angel," says a 22-year-old Vice Lord. "I really think God sent him here."

Lessons, though, walk at their own pace. And Brother Bill can hardly trumpet a major victory over gang violence. True, Cabrini-Green enjoys more spells of peace than it has in years. And some hard-core gangsters have managed to break away to find jobs and move from the projects.

Nonetheless, in a city with an estimated 125 active criminal gangs with as many as 70,000 members, Cabrini-Green remains the most entrenched subculture around of poverty, drug use and gang violence. So much so that the Federal Government has begun, in piecemeal fashion, to simply tear the place down.

But Brother Bill keeps only one stat: souls saved. And he tries to save them with one small act of kindness at a time. When a rusty green Ford sedan pulls up, he senses that Dee has become distracted. A customer has arrived. Dee hugs Brother Bill and walks off. Then he turns around and yells back, "Yo, I need a ride to the courthouse Monday. Can you gimme a lift?"

Brother Bill nods a yes and gets back into his car. Driving off, he turns up the volume of Saint-Saëns. As rain and snow come down hard on the windshield and the classical music begins a crescendo, the old

Catholic missionary looks suddenly weary. He is still recovering from a recent triple-bypass heart operation, and he's been told the prognosis is not good. "People think I'm a fool," he says, "but I love these guys—all of them. I know that many of them have done some really bad things, even killed people. But no matter what, I won't turn my back on them."

BROTHER BILL IS STANDING WITH THE GANG members on their usual gathering spot outside a building in Cabrini-Green, the place where drug users looking for marijuana, crack cocaine or heroin can always find it. The air is frigid but charged with the warm sound of horseplay and laughter.

"The first time I got shot, I cried like a baby," says Paris, a flamboyant 21-year-old. "And I didn't care who saw me—I just cried."

Pat, another gang member, chimes in:



INSIDE A RECTORY, Tomes prays before resuming his never-ending mission in the projects

CONSOLING FAMILY MEMBERS of a woman shot in

S O C

"When that bullet goes into you, it hurts like nothing you've ever felt before," Says another: "It burns like hell—like fire."

"Every time I take a bullet, I only have one request," says another gang member softly. "And that's for a cigarette. I always smoke when I get shot."

The group laughs uproariously at memories of their brother sprawled and bleeding on the sidewalk, puffing a Newport. The stories help break the monotony of the gang's three-hour security shifts, in which they look out for cops and frisk customers entering the building to score.

Brother Bill listens to the stories with mixed amusement and empathy. He knows too well the whistling sound of a bullet that misses. As he listens, he can't help recalling his life-altering experience 15 years ago—one that hit him with all the force of all the bullets he has since survived.

"I was trying to decide between two good job offers when I stopped into St. Joseph's Ukrainian Catholic Church to think things through," he recounts. "When I knelt down, everything turned fuzzy except the face of Christ on a painting near the altar." The image at the altar issued to Tomes the first of several direct orders that would haunt him for the next three years:

"Love. You are forbidden to do anything other than that."

Tomes has told this story, about the first of what became a string of epiphanies, hundreds of times, and always with the same sense of genuine astonishment. Until that moment he had never thought of him-

self as a particularly religious man. Born in a middle-class home in Akron, Ohio, and raised in Evanston, he stood out as a gifted artist and athlete. He received Jesuit training at Loyola Academy before attending Notre Dame, where he studied English and philosophy and received a bachelor's degree, then two years later a master's in counseling and guidance.

TOMES SPENT THE NEXT 15 YEARS working as a counselor for Catholic Charities. He characterizes his life back then as quite ordinary. "I liked to drink with my buddies and date women," he says. He also had a penchant for material things. In nine trips to Europe, where he interviewed psychiatrists in 11 countries for a planned doctoral dissertation, Tomes built a valuable collection of Russian artifacts. During that time, Tomes never abandoned his own artwork: he has sketched life-size portraits of every Notre Dame football coach from Jesse Harper to the current Bob Davie, each of which hangs today in the Fighting Irish athletic office.

By 1983 Tomes was fresh off a two-year hiatus to pursue his art. He returned to the work force with two lucrative job offers, one as a therapist in a hospital and another as an executive trainee with a major airline.

The question of which job to take led him to the church, where he first heard what he describes as the voice of Christ: "I'll lead, you follow," repeated three

times. And then: Don't be afraid; "give all your trust."

"At the time, I didn't understand what there was to be afraid of," he says with a trace of irony. "I do now."

Over the next few months, Tomes says, he received more messages. One was "You must forgive everyone, everything." Another was "Judge not, and you will not be judged."

He picked up a Bible and found this verse staring him in the face: "Take nothing with you for the journey." Two times the next day, he came across the same passage in different parts of the Bible.

A local priest told him those scriptural commands required that he give up his worldly possessions. "I thought he was full of it," Tomes says. But he kept running across that sentence in other religious volumes. Finally Tomes gave in—and gave away his televisions, his radios, his Russian artifacts and even his bedroom. "I moved into the basement of a friend's house and slept on cardboard."

That year Tomes was asked to take on the role of youth minister for a parish and work with the street gangs in the surrounding projects of Henry Horner Homes and Rockwell Gardens. At the time, the neighborhood was rife with killing between the Vice Lords and Gangster Disciples. On Tomes' first day in the projects, he was snubbed. Some gangsters threw rocks at him. On his second day, the gang voted in council whether Tomes should be killed, but decided that his intentions were only

“It's like if Brother Bill is willing to take a bullet because he loves you that



...the head and killed in front of her children



ATOP THE PROJECTS, Brother Bill gazes at the killing field where he dispenses his mercies

I E T Y

positive and that he should be protected rather than removed. The gangsters also accepted a couple of Jesuit volunteers, who were along to help Tomes.

It didn't hurt either that Tomes, only an average hoopster, managed to impress the gangsters on the basketball court. "Once, I shot the ball, and it was clearly going left of the basket, but curved and went straight through the net," he says. "God was definitely helping me."

A year after Tomes began working in the West Side projects, his labors caught the attention of Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, Archbishop of Chicago, and he expanded Tomes' purview to include gangs throughout the city.

THE PHONE CALLS USUALLY COME AT NIGHT. The voice is always low, distressed, the tone conspiratorial. A Gangster Disciple or Vice Lord assigned to murder informs Brother Bill that warfare is on the horizon, that just moments ago he was instructed to kill a rival gang member. "I don't wanna shoot nobody, and I don't wanna die, Brother Bill," the voice whispers. "Please come over here. Nothing's gonna happen if you're here. Help me, man."

When fighting erupts, Brother Bill has his routine down pat. From his Evanston home, it's a 35-min. drive to Cabrini. En route, he pulls on his robe and begins prayer. Upon arriving, he walks briskly to the scene, where the shooting has usually already begun. His pale blue robe aflutter, he stands in the center of gang gunfire. He

says he can hear the crack of guns from snipers in the buildings as well as see shooters running on the ground or ducking in and out of entryways. But thoughts of his safety never cross his mind. He understands that he can be killed, but he knows this is the core of his work, and he feels an absolute peace. Sometimes gang members scream out angrily. "Get out the way, Brother Bill. Move!"

It doesn't work. "No, I will not," Brother Bill tells them, "because I love you."

Quickly the shots grow sporadic. Early last spring, after gunfire had shattered the windows of dozens of apartments, children ran out onto the balcony chanting, "Brother Bill, make the peace! Brother Bill, make the peace!" He heard, as did the shooters. Three more shots were fired that night, and peace was declared. "It's like if Brother Bill is willing to take a bullet because he loves you that much, it makes it harder for you to hate the other side," says Antonio, a 26-year-old gang member. "I think that's why the shooting stops."

SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR, BROTHER BILL TAKES a group of gangsters to Notre Dame, to football and basketball team practices and games. The gang members guest-lecture to students and faculty at the Center for Social Concerns and university workshops. "They treat us like movie stars," says Paris. "I like going down there and telling them what our life is like and learning about theirs."

In one case a Gangster Disciple scheduled to execute a rival returned from his

dinner with the Fighting Irish basketball team too guilt-stricken to go through with the murder. Others simply take a liking to a life not spent looking over their shoulder. Brother Bill has other gambits too. Realizing that many gangsters spend countless nights holed up in apartments watching sports on television, he recently introduced them to a foreign concept: the sports bar. Initially they turned to Brother Bill to guide them on unfamiliar turf. Nowadays they freely go to Champions near O'Hare Airport and the Alumni Club in downtown Chicago to watch their favorite teams.

Brother Bill has helped a few gangsters on the road to employment—one now works as a freight-elevator supervisor, another as an electrician—but most aren't interested in the regimen of daily employment or in earning a minimum wage, and that's not how Brother Bill keeps score either. As the outside world rolls on, William Wylie Tomes Jr. continues to cruise the projects in that silver Park Avenue, conducting his nonjudgmental, never-ending search for his people.

And wherever he finds them, his message is the same as it was a decade ago, when he discovered a 21-year-old gang leader bleeding to death in a dark stairwell from four gunshot to the chest. As the faint siren of the paramedics' vehicle sounded, too far away, Brother Bill spoke softly into the ear of the young man the last words he would hear on this earth:

"God made you. He loves you. He wants you to be with him forever." ■

much, it makes it harder for you to hate the other side." —ANTONIO, a gang member

W O R L D

THE END?

A peace agreement in Northern Ireland may lift the awful burden of history from a lovely, violent place



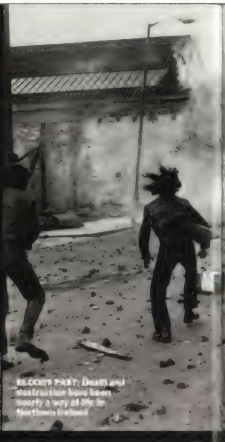
ADAMS: Politics not guns



BLAIR: Risks for peace



TRIMBLE: "No" no more



By **BARRY HILLENBRAND** BELFAST

IRELAND IS A DECEPTIVELY BEAUTIFUL place, soft and green, north and south. Its people, north and south, are deceptively kind and civil and wise. Deceptive, because in the hills and valleys of this island, and among its tribes and clans, vicious hatred and ugly violence have raged for centuries, inflicting unending death and suffering that have come to seem the very price of living in such a lovely place.

But last week, in one of those apparent miracles of the late 20th century—like the end of the cold war and the surrender of apartheid in South Africa—some of the awful weight of that Irish history was lifted. The governments of Britain and Ireland and the key political leaders of the warring factions in Northern Ireland, with major assistance from Bill Clinton and former Senator George Mitchell, agreed to replace terrorism with democracy and to let the people of the North decide their own ultimate fate.

The agreement, hammered out over 22 months of difficult and risky bargaining and concluded in a marathon 32-hour negotiating session captained by British Prime Minister Tony Blair, whose country was the source of much of the torment of Ireland, permits those who want a united

Ireland to work for that goal through politics, not guerrilla warfare, and permits those who want to keep Northern Ireland part of Britain to retain that status until a majority of those in the North decide otherwise. It was not lost on the parties who signed up for peace last week that the agreement came nearly on the anniversary of the 1916 Easter Rising that began the first stage of Ireland's liberation from English occupation.

The decision by the factions in the North promises to bring an end to the most recent epoch of killing, which began 30 years ago and has taken the lives of 3,249 people, including 16 killed in the past few weeks as the talks inched toward success. Ten times that number have been wounded since 1968 when the Roman Catholic minority rose up against British rule and the discrimination of the ruling Protestant majority. The pain of loss of a family member is perhaps the most powerful shared memory of Protestants and Catholics in Ulster.

The key to finally forging the agreement was the intricate balancing of victories and defeats for both sides in the sectarian conflict. Protestant unionists, whose opposition to any change in the province's status as part of Britain once drove them to decorate Belfast city hall with a giant banner declaring **ULSTER SAYS NO**, agreed not

only to share power with Catholic parties in a new Northern Ireland assembly but also to work together with ministers and politicians from Dublin in new cross-border government bodies, which look suspiciously like the first steps toward a united Ireland. And politicians from Catholic nationalist and republican parties—including Sinn Féin, the political wing of the Irish Republican Army, which for years has been fighting for a united Ireland, proclaiming **BRITS OUT NOW**—signed a document that says that the political status of the province could be changed only by a majority vote of the people of the North. By anyone's count, that would delay a united Ireland for at least a generation, perhaps two. Why this change of heart? Why did politicians with records of spectacular intransigence finally agree to compromise?

Gerry McConville is part of the explanation. Nothing about him would indicate that he has any stomach for compromise. In school at age 10, he wrote an essay saying that his ambition in life was to serve in the I.R.A. His parents were proud. By 14, he was frequently detained by police for running guns. By 16, he was old enough to be sent to prison, charged with weapons possession and membership in Fianna, the junior branch of the illegal I.R.A. He served eight years. Now McConville, 38, wears a tie, runs an antidrug program while toiling



Key Points of the Peace Agreement

NORTHERN IRELAND ASSEMBLY

A new political body of 108 members elected by proportional representation will administer Northern Ireland

NORTH/SOUTH COUNCIL

A new body drawn from the Assembly and from the Irish Parliament will deal with common issues such as roads and agriculture

ARTICLES 2 AND 3

Dublin will hold a referendum to amend these two articles to the Irish constitution claiming that the North is an integral part of the Republic

BILL OF RIGHTS/POLICE REFORM

A new charter for human rights to protect the nationalist minority, plus restructuring of the Royal Ulster Constabulary

PRISONERS

A commission will be appointed to review the sentences of those convicted of terrorist-related charges during the Troubles and speed their release

WEAPONS

A program to get weapons held by Catholic and Protestant paramilitary groups turned in and destroyed will be implemented within two years

on a master's degree in computer science. He is still active in the republican movement, albeit in its nonviolent branch. An agreement, he says, was necessary even if it brings unwanted compromises. The alternative is more violence. "Anyone who has been involved in armed struggle will do anything to avoid it," he says. McConville has five children, the oldest a 10-year-old girl who, mirroring her dad, is already politically savvy. "If this conflict does not come to an end," says McConville, "I will be visiting her either in prison or the graveyard. It has to end." He regrets nothing he has done. "It was a necessary journey," he says. "A political approach [to the problems of the Catholic community] would not have worked in 1975." Only violence, he believes, not without reason, got the attention of the British and the world.

A number of the key men—and some of the women—who negotiated the settlement inside a mundane office building in Belfast shared McConville's journey through violence, prison and now political accommodation. In the 1970s Gusto Spence, a senior member of the Ulster Volunteer Force, an illegal Protestant paramilitary group, was so famous that after he was sentenced to prison for murder, tea towels with his picture on them were sold on the streets of Belfast. "We exorcised our ghosts in prison," says Spence, who is on

the negotiating team of the Progressive Unionist Party. "We were self-questioning for the first time and concluded that we cannot go on with this ancient blood feud. Violence solves nothing." Spence, a few years ahead of his time, advocated negotiating with Catholics and for a while was shunned by his fellow paramilitaries. Gradually Catholic and Protestant parties with close links to terrorist groups began adapting a more conciliatory line. Too many lives had been lost, too many years were spent in prison, not to seek some sort of settlement. Besides, many of the hard-line leaders were moving into their 40s, with wives, children and a powerful desire to join civilized life. In a sense, violence was its own antidote.

In the search for accommodation, the parties with strong links to the paramilitaries did not abandon their long-range political goals. They only took the bold step of talking to the enemy. "I am a British citizen and will remain one," says Billy Hutchinson, leader and chief negotiator of the Progressive Unionists. "But I have the guts to face Sinn Féin." For his pains he has been called a traitor to unionism by the likes of Ian Paisley, the blunderbuss leader who has made a career of fanning hatred in the North of Ireland and who refused to participate in the talks. Paisley's recalcitrance left him with no role other than leading a

pathetic midnight protest outside the gates of the final negotiations and, with luck, a permanent position on the outer fringes of Northern Ireland politics.

Getting all the parties to join in the talks—much less negotiate in seriousness—was a long and torturous process, littered with false starts and, sadly, not a few dead bodies. It was the election last year of Labour Prime Minister Tony Blair that set the peace process on the track to success. His huge majority in the House of Commons ended the unionists' ability to torpedo the British government's desire to compromise with the republicans. Blair's popularity allowed him the sort of freedom to make deals that his predecessor John Major, despite his good intentions, did not have. Blair declared that the "peace train was leaving" and urged all parties to get aboard. He said there would be a settlement by spring. And last week, when the talks began to falter under continued unionist objections, he flew into Belfast along with Irish Prime Minister Bertie Ahern. The two of them worked through two successive nights to drive the parties to an agreement.

"I feel the hand of history on our shoulders," said Blair. "Maybe even with the best will in the world we can't do it, but it's right to try, and I'm here to try." Blair, stripped down to shirt sleeves, set up of-

fice on the second floor of the building where the talks were headquartered. Blair and his capable Northern Ireland Secretary Mo Mowlam called in various party leaders, sat them down in green leather chairs placed around a teak conference table and began bargaining. Prime Minister Aherne had his office on the first floor. Both Prime Ministers devoted full time to the project. It was slow going. "To change four words," said mediator George Mitchell, "you need to consult so many people." Mitchell emerged as heroically patient and deft in his role as moderator of the intense negotiations.

In the end, the parties agreed to a 67-page document that, most important, promised no change in the North's place as part of Britain unless a majority of voters approve. It also set up a new provincial assembly to govern Northern Ireland, replacing direct rule from London. This assembly is structured to ensure fair representation of the Catholic minority. The agreement creates a political body called the North/South Ministerial Council, with representatives of both Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland, which will oversee all-Ireland concerns, such as tourism and agriculture. The Ministerial Council gives Sinn Fein a bit of Irish reunification. But the agreement also calls for an amendment to the Irish constitution to eliminate the Republic's territorial claim to the six counties of Northern Ireland. Both Sinn Fein and the Protestant parties with links to Protestant paramilitary groups lobbied successfully for a provision that would secure early release for prisoners held on terrorist-related charges.

The details and wording of the document mask the risks taken by many of those who agreed to it. There are still plenty of hard men on both sides in Northern Ireland, people who have pathologically made a life's work out of hate and killing; they will be doing their very best to drag Northern Ireland back into its own bloody history, first by denouncing the peacemakers as traitors to their cause, and if that doesn't work, by the only means they know: bombing and killing. On May 22 voters in the North and the Irish Republic will go to the polls to accept or reject the agreement. The referendum will most probably affirm what is already known: they are sick of violence and of the people who believe only in violence.

They are sick of their history, and they are sick of the political leaders who, until last week, refused to notice that there was a chance to move on. Wonderfully, tentatively, and in time for Easter, last week provided a resurrection for a beautiful place. ■

With Help from Their Friends

AT 3:15 A.M. IN WASHINGTON LAST FRIDAY, BILL CLINTON BEGAN A 30-minute phone conversation with George Mitchell in Belfast. The parties were eight hours past the negotiating deadline, but a breakthrough was close. Mitchell asked the President to make another round of calls to save the pact the former Maine Senator had drafted. No sooner did Mitchell hang up than British Prime Minister Tony Blair phoned the White House, asking Clinton to call and reassure wavering unionist leader David Trimble. Everyone was up most of the night, but nine hours later an exhausted and exhilarated Mitchell announced the deal that few had given him much chance of brokering.

Clinton, one of 40 million Americans who claim some Irish heritage, was strongly pro-Irish during his 1992 presidential campaign. He called for a special U.S. envoy then, but after winning he backed down under pressure from London. During his first year in office Clinton twice turned down visa requests by Sinn Fein president Gerry Adams to visit the U.S., because he refused to renounce violence as a means of ending British rule in the North. In January 1994, Adams applied again. He still refused to rule out violence, but, hoping that he would,



George Mitchell served without pay and without portfolio, but he earned respect and thanks from all

and over the protests of the State Department, Clinton granted the visa, siding with his National Security Council advisers, among them Anglo-Irish specialist Nancy Soderberg, a longtime staff member of Senator Edward Kennedy's. Clinton had appointed Kennedy's sister, Jean Kennedy Smith, ambassador to Ireland.

An infuriated British government, led then by John Major, protested the visa, calling it a naive reward for an unrepentant terrorist.

Last month, though, as Adams ate a St. Patrick's Day lunch at the British embassy in Washington with Trimble, Britain's Northern Ireland Secretary Mo Mowlam was saying that "the Americans and President Clinton have been of incalculable help all along the way." What prompted the turnaround?

The visa began it. Adams' U.S. visit strengthened his stance for politics over terrorism within the I.R.A. and broadened his narrow views. The U.S. decision to take Adams seriously also made it harder for him to backtrack from diplomacy. After an I.R.A. cease-fire in 1994, Clinton and senior aides stepped up the frequency of meetings with Protestant Unionist leaders who had long considered Washington biased toward a united Ireland. When the President visited London, Dublin and Belfast in late 1995, he was hailed as a peacemaker.

Mitchell's role as head of the settlement talks was played without formal authority, only the respect he earned from all the parties. Working without pay, he juggled peacemaking with his regular job as a Washington lawyer, while navigating family crises, including his brother's death, his wife's miscarriage and the birth of their first child in October. After the pact was finalized, there was another area of agreement—for what Blair called the "infinite patience and kindness" of Mitchell. Clinton said Mitchell was "brilliant," while maintaining modestly that he himself just "did what I was asked to do." Ironically, it was Clinton's doing precisely what he was asked not to do that helped get the whole ball rolling.

—By Christopher O'Grady. With reporting by Barry Hillenbrand/Belfast



A Final, Bloody Chapter

As efforts are made to bring Pol Pot to justice, defections and battles destroy the last remnants of his Khmer Rouge

By **TERRY MCCARTHY** PHNOM PENH

CHOAN SEE WAS JUST 12 YEARS OLD when he became a Khmer Rouge soldier in 1983. See was proud "to kill Vietnamese" in the war to end the occupation of his country, but after Hanoi finally withdrew its troops in 1989, he longed for an end to the fighting. His wife and three children, however, were kept as virtual hostages in the Khmer Rouge stronghold of Anlong Veng, close to the Thai border, and he had little choice but to stay with the guerrilla army in its fight against the Phnom Penh government. "Life was very hard," See says. "All that time in the jungle, I regret it now."

Three weeks ago, See and his family were awakened by the sound of gunfire—but the shots were coming from the north, inside Anlong Veng, and not from the south, where he knew government troops had their front lines. A mutiny had split the ranks of the Khmer Rouge, and See and his family, along with thousands of other inhabitants of the village, fled south, where they found government trucks waiting to drive them to safety. "People were shouting, 'If you move south, you will live—if you move north, you will die!'"

So began the final chapter in the three-decades-long history of the Khmer Rouge, one of the century's most brutal, self-destructive regimes. More than a million people died during the rule of the Khmer Rouge between 1975 and 1979. Since then tens of thousands more have been killed and maimed by the guerrilla war

and the country's treacherous minefields.

As the rest of Cambodia held elections in 1993 and received millions of dollars in aid and investment, the Khmer Rouge found itself on the sidelines politically and economically, unable to buy the motorcycles and television sets that were proliferating across the country. A small trickle of defectors in the early '90s became a flood by 1996, when cadres in the gem-mining town of Pailin, the other principal Khmer Rouge base, joined the government side.

Last year a power struggle in the leadership in Anlong Veng led to the arrest and show trial of Pol Pot, but he was replaced by Ta Mok, another hard-liner impervious to change. Mok, a one-legged man known widely as "the Butcher," resisted the March 24 mutiny, and by last week he had clawed back some territory in Anlong

Veng. But with the Khmer Rouge's having lost so many civilians, observers say, it is just a matter of time before its final rump—estimated at 500 to 1,000 soldiers—is dissolved. "Ta Mok has painted himself into a corner," says Stephen Heder, a Cambodia scholar at London's School of Oriental and African Studies. In addition, the U.S. is putting pressure on Thailand, which has ties with the Khmer Rouge, to force Ta Mok to end the war, possibly under some formula in which Pol Pot would be

DYING WHIMPER: Pol Pot, left, and some of the troops who defected last week

handed over to an international tribunal in exchange for amnesty for the other Khmer Rouge leaders.

Last week two more people were added to the list of Pol Pot's victims. In March 1996, British mine clearer Christopher Howes and his interpreter, Houn Hourth, were abducted by Khmer Rouge guerrillas near the famous Angkor temples. Their fate had been a mystery, with reported live sightings as recently as last June, plus ransom hoaxes and all the usual false leads attached to a Westerner's missing in Indochina. But Ke Pauk and Yim Panna, two senior Khmer Rouge leaders who had been instrumental in organizing the Anlong

Veng mutiny, told *TIME* in separate interviews that both men were in fact killed shortly after their capture. Howes was moved to Anlong Veng, where he was taken out to a field and shot in the back by a man named Bao on the orders of a close aide to Pol Pot.

The deaths of the two men were as saddening as they were senseless. Howes' father Roy had put an advertisement in Cambodian newspapers last Christmas pleading for information and pointing out that his son "was working so that the people of Cambodia, whom he greatly admired, might live happily without the daily fear of death and dreadful injury."

Asked why Howes was killed, Panna said, "That was Pol Pot's rule. He didn't want any foreigners involved in our society." It was of course this hostility to outsiders that kept the Khmer Rouge stuck in the jungle while the rest of Cambodia benefited from rapid economic development fueled in part by foreign investment. And it was resentment at missing out on this progress that prompted the latest, final rebellion in the Khmer Rouge ranks.

"It is time now to end the war—we need to open to the outside world," said Panna. "The Khmer Rouge policy has killed itself." After it killed so many others, its own demise is most welcome. ■



SENSELESS: Mine clearer Howes was executed

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EIN PROBLEM."



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Making a MO

Merger mania is rampant. But the new Goliath, Citigroup, may show it's not all bad

By DANIEL KADLEC

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THE unprecedented merger wave sweeping across our economy has touched your life. The local bank is long gone. You've been reunited with the same dreadful HMO you thought you ditched a few years back. Your mutual-fund statement has a new logo. Off-putting. Irritating. Confusing. Or, if you've been merged out of a job, debilitating.

But before we hang all the dealmakers, consider the flip side. Last week financial-services giants Travelers Group and Citicorp agreed to the largest merger in history, a stock swap worth some \$76 billion. It's a titanic marriage that will dwarf everything else in banking, brokerages, insurance, ATMs, cold calls, lollipops, hamburgers and chutzpah. It makes the size of the next biggest merger, the pending \$42 billion deal between MCI and WorldCom announced last October, look cheesy.

The deal would create the world's biggest company, to be called Citigroup, with \$700 billion in assets and a market value of nearly \$160 billion. It would join under one name some 100 million customers in 100 countries, 162,600 employees and 3,200 offices, and offer every conceivable financial service for individuals and corporations. Under one umbrella you could get money to buy a house or a FORTUNE 500 company, trade stocks, bonds or foreign exchange, insure your life or find export financing. Heck, you could even open a checking account. Says Roy Smith, a professor of finance at New York University: "This new company

CITICORP

Chairman and CEO:

John Reed

1997 Revenues: \$21.6 billion

Income: \$3.6 billion

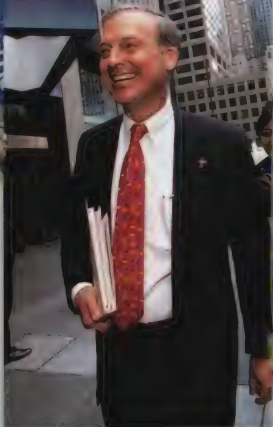
Assets: \$311 billion

Employees: 93,700

Citicorp is the second largest bank in the U.S. and the world's biggest credit-card issuer. It provides retail and corporate banking services to 50 million customers and has more than 3,000 offices in 98 countries.

GIANT STEPS John Reed and Sanford Weill hit the streets after unveiling history's biggest merger. The two negotiated the nearly \$80 billion deal in less than two months

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TRAVELERS GROUP

Chairman and CEO:
Sanford Weill

1997 Revenues: \$27.1 billion

Income: \$3.1 billion

Assets: \$387 billion

Employees: 68,900

Travelers was bought by Weill's Primerica in 1993. Its subsidiaries include Salomon Smith Barney Holdings Inc. (brokerage services, investment banking and underwriting); Commercial Credit (consumer loans); Primerica Financial Services; Travelers Bank (credit cards); Travelers Life & Annuity

will look more like Procter & Gamble than it will look like a bank. That's because what is being created here is a retail-products-distribution company for people interested in financial services."

Big. Yeah. But not just for big's sake. Neither is this deal about building another empire or another fortune for its chief architect, Sanford I. Weill, the ever hustling CEO of Travelers. It will, of course, do those things. Since last Monday's announcement, Travelers shares have jumped nearly 10%, giving Weill incremental wealth of \$123 million. That gets him to \$1 billion—before stock options, where CEOs make the big dough.

This deal is really about arming for global warfare in a viciously competitive industry that is filled with giants from Europe to Japan. Citi, for instance, is not ranked among the top 20 banks in the world. And foreign companies, unlike those in the U.S., face relatively few restrictions. In Europe banks and insurance companies have been free to buy each other for a decade. There's even a term for the combination—bancassurance. "It may be a new model for the U.S., but it's not a new model for Europe," Peter Toemin, bank analyst at London's ABN AMRO Hoare Govett, says of Citigroup. As the globe shrinks, Weill pointedly notes, "it's very, very important that some of the big ones be in the U.S."

His deal with Citicorp, whose CEO, John S. Reed, will share the CEO title with Weill, puts tremendous pressure on lawmakers to rewrite largely obsolete U.S. banking laws. Weill insists that he isn't trying to force anything. But members of Congress, who only a week earlier had yet again postponed efforts to dismantle officially the Depression-era Glass-Steagall rules governing banks, are reopening the debate.

In any business—be it manufacturing or services—size can bring many good things: clout, easier access to capital, lower costs. Those are what allow a company to keep prices down, provide better service, win business and keep profits up—the favored recipe for large-scale corporate survival in the global, capitalist '90s and a prime driver of the record \$919 billion in

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WEILL'S THINGS

Here is a list of major transactions that shaped the present Travelers Group Inc., culminating in the record-breaking merger with Citicorp

ACQUISITION	DATE	VALUE in billions
COMMERCIAL CREDIT	Oct. 1986	\$0.9
PRIMERICA	Dec. 1988	\$1.7
BARCLAYS AMERICAN	March 1990	\$1.4
TRAVELERS (27%)	Dec. 1992	\$0.7
SHEARSON LEHMAN	July 1993	\$1.2
TRAVELERS (remainder)	Dec. 1993	\$4.0
AETNA PROPERTY & CASUALTY	April 1996	\$4.0
SECURITY PACIFIC FINANCIAL	July 1996	\$1.6
SALOMON	Nov. 1997	\$8.6

CITICORP
\$76
billion

mergers last year. By comparison, the 1980s (when the press screamed about "merger mania") were strictly peewee league. The biggest single year of deals in the greed decade was 1988, with \$353 billion.

Already this year, deals worth \$236 billion have been announced, putting us on track for a seventh consecutive yearly record. Only a day after the Citigroup blockbuster, two more pairs of financial-services companies agreed to marry. Credit-card and home-equity lender Household International will pay \$7.7 billion for Beneficial Corp., which is in the same businesses; and insurer Conseco Inc. agreed to pay \$6.4 billion for subprime, mobile-home lender Green Tree Financial.

Meanwhile, the stock price soared for just about every mutual-fund company, bank or brokerage considered likely to find a partner.

The deals will, of course, result in more lost jobs as well as other dislocations and inconveniences for employees. But one clear benefit of the merger trend is that it goes hand-in-hand with companies' unrelenting focus on keeping costs and prices down. From computers to cars to commissions on stock trades to the rate on your mortgage, the 1990s have been a buyer's market. In no small part that disinflationary environment derives from the robust activity of dealmakers like Weill in mixing and matching to get the most out of every asset.

Weill plans to cross-sell everything from mutual funds and annuities to term life insurance. In fact, he's already doing it within the Travelers family. With Citigroup, he'll have a huge bank, with all its products and locations, to add to the mix. Citi, for instance, has a strong position in Asia. Weill says he'd be disappointed if at Citigroup he and Reed merely doubled earnings in five years, the stated goal.

To beat that bogey, he concedes, he can't simply offer a wide array of financial products. Customers won't buy them purely for convenience. The failure of financial "supermarkets" at American Express and Sears proved that in the '80s and today the number of small community-oriented banks is growing in towns where mergers have wiped out local institutions, leaving corporate branches and higher fees in their

wake. "You have to be a low-cost provider," Weill emphasizes.

Affable and street-wise, Weill, 65, grew up middle class in Brooklyn and started his career on Wall Street in the 1950s as a messenger for Bear Stearns Co. By the early 1960s he had raised \$200,000, and 15 acquisitions later he built Shearson Loeb Rhoades into the nation's second largest brokerage. In 1981 American Express bought Shearson, and Weill tagged along, hoping one day to succeed CEO James Robinson. He preceded him instead, leaving in 1985; Robinson was bounced in 1993.

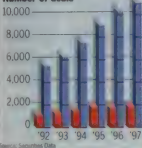
Weill wasn't MIA for long, though. In 1986 he acquired a little-known finance

company called Commercial Credit, which helped people consolidate debt, and turned it into a buyout machine. He purchased a conglomerate called Primerica (once named American Can), which owned Smith Barney. Weill was back on the Street. He bought Travelers for its life-, casualty- and property-insurance business, then he reclaimed the retail operations of his old Shearson brokerage from Amex. Next were the life and casualty operations of Aetna. And just last September he rocked the Street again, buying the bond-market powerhouse Salomon Inc. With each acquisition, Weill made tons of money for shareholders by crushing costs in the acquired company while adding product of-

Value mergers and acquisitions in billions of dollars



Number of deals



ferings and increasing Travelers' scale.

Citicorp CEO Reed, 59, has had something of a management thrill ride too. More buttoned down and less accessible than Weill, Reed (out of the country and unavailable since last Monday's announcement) twice brought his institution back from the brink of ruin—some of which was of his own making. In the early '80s, Citi nearly drowned under a wave of Latin American loan defaults; in the more threatening late '80s, a lending crisis triggered by a collapse in real estate values had shareholders shouting for Reed's scalp. He hung on and so did Citi, its stock riding a spectacular recovery from under \$10 in 1991 to last week's \$165, a 1600% increase that blows away the returns of just about every other company of size in that period.

Still, the betting is that Weill, the sur-

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vivor of dozens of previous deals, will eventually run Citigroup solo. For now, though, the relationship is cozy. "No way am I going to ever be responsible for his being gone," Weill says.

For a deal of such size, this one came about quickly, smoothly and quietly. Weill began to hatch it about a year ago at a planning meeting in which his top lieutenants endorsed the concept of buying a commercial bank with global reach. Some names were kicked about in ensuing months, and Citibank's cropped up just this past February. "It was a real wheel spin," Weill recalls. "No one thought it would go anywhere, but everyone liked the idea. So I decided to call John Reed."

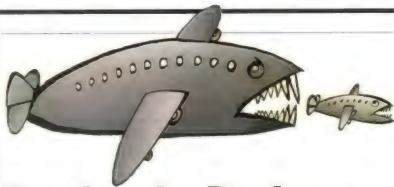
Nice call. The deal raises myriad questions. Should it be permitted? Under current U.S. law, it can't fly. At a minimum, some businesses (insurance underwriting, for one) would have to go. The bet by Weill and Reed is that laws will change in the two-to-five-year grace period they'd be allowed if the Fed approves their application.

On a larger scale, of course, the deal raises concerns about companies generally getting too big and powerful. The endgame of relentless merger activity, after all, is a few companies in each industry owning their markets and having unfettered opportunity to do and charge whatever they like. That's not good for anyone.

Dealmakers like Weill insist that won't be a problem. And he may be right for a different reason: the history of megamergers is that they tend not to work as planned. "When you create these oversize companies, they become vulnerable by definition," says Porter Bibb, a senior investment banker at Ladenburg, Thalmann. Big firms can't react to small opportunities, so new businesses pop up to fill the void. Some inevitably grow enough to challenge the giants. Indeed, every merger phase in the U.S. in the past 30 years has been followed by a period of divestitures as companies retreated to their "core competencies."

Concentration is perhaps most worrisome in banking because that is the industry that provides so many others with capital. Too much concentration could stifle creative lending, and if one of only five major banks in the country fell on hard times, the economy could be crippled. "This is an enormous public-policy issue that needs to be addressed today," warns William Benedetto of the boutique investment-banking firm Benedetto Garland & Co. He argues that the Citigroup deal is so big that it's dangerous.

No one really knows. But because of Sandy Weill, we just might find out. —With reporting by Bernard Baumohl/New York, Kate Noble/London and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



Hunting the Predators

The government threatens to fine big airlines for trying to run low-priced competitors out of town

WITH ONLY A PAIR OF BRAND-NEW Boeing 737s sporting brightly colored orange-and-green tail fins, Pro Air Inc. is America's newest passenger airline. Launched in Detroit's City Airport last July by former Boeing lawyer Kevin Stamper, Pro Air offers fares as much as 85% less than giant Northwest Airlines' on comparable routes. Passengers flocked to Pro Air, but Northwest, which dominates traffic in Detroit, was not about to let Pro Air grab share. Northwest quickly cut prices and added seats to Pro Air destinations, including Baltimore, Md.; Newark, N.J.; and Indianapolis, Ind. Under this assault, Pro Air recently abandoned one of its Indianapolis routes, as well as a \$69 one-way trip to Milwaukee, Wis. Before you could say "Put your tray tables in their upright and locked position," Northwest jacked up some Milwaukee fares to more than \$200, according to Pro Air.

Airlines like Northwest have routinely blown new competitors out of the sky with such tactics, on the theory that letting a low-cost start-up get started up is a bad strategy. Just look at what Southwest Airlines has done. But the tactic—matching low prices and adding more seats, even if it means absorbing losses—has virtually shut out new competition and kept fares high. "The most grievous government failure has been [not to] prosecute what appear to have been flagrant cases of predatory competition by major airlines against new competitors," says Alfred Kahn, the former Civil Aeronautics Board chairman who got deregulation off the ground.

Last week the feds stirred. Secretary of Transportation Rodney Slater said he may impose fines to stop predatory behavior by big airlines. "There is growing concern that the major carriers are willing to lose money—lots of it—in the short run to drive off competition," says Slater. The department

must wait 60 days before clipping any wings, and clearly Slater hopes the majors will back off before he has to start. Meanwhile, the Justice Department has begun an investigation into possible anti-competitive practices.

The megacarriers are making life miserable for discount airlines. Five, including Pan Am, Sun Jet and Air South, have recently failed. The stragglers, which include Frontier Airlines and Reno Air, have lost a combined \$200 million. The big airlines, by contrast, logged record earnings last year of more than \$5 billion, a rise of 28%, their fourth consecutive annual increase. No wonder. In the past year, business-class fares have increased 16%, and average air fares have risen 9%. Meanwhile, the price of jet fuel, the airlines' biggest cost item, keeps dropping.

The big carriers say the start-ups flop because they are undercapitalized and poorly run, offering limited routes and flights, with no frequent-flyer clubs and other features. It is a circular argument, of course. The low fares of the upstarts are based on a cost structure that doesn't have such extras as frequent-flyer programs. And the big airlines force them to burn through their start-up capital by stepping up the price wars.

American, United, Delta and Northwest contend that Slater's warnings amount to interference in a tough market. "The small airlines want sympathy, so they accuse us of competing vigorously in the marketplace, which is and should be perfectly legal," argues Jon Austin, a spokesman for Northwest. And a smart strategy, perhaps. But now the big carriers have managed to attract the attention of both the Transportation and Justice departments. As Microsoft can attest, a smart business strategy isn't necessarily smart politics. —By Adam Zagorin



START YOUR ENGINES

Excite and Yahoo, the two leading Web-search sites, race to remake themselves into "portals"

By MICHAEL KRANTZ

JOE KRAUS WANTS TO PROVIDE your horoscope. And your mutual fund's bottom line. And your E-mail and your headline news. And your groceries, your travel plans, your greeting cards, your sports scores, your local weather, your TV listings, your friends...

Just call it your entire life online. Kraus is the 26-year-old co-founder of Excite (excite.com), the Web's No. 2, "we try harder" search engine, one of those immensely useful sites that search the Internet for pages that contain whatever words or phrases you type in. This week Excite unveils its latest incarnation, centered on what the digerati call "personalization." If you want to stick with Excite's standard service, that's fine. But the more personal data you're willing to feed the site, the more the Net's teeming world of data will come formatted to your individual specifications each time you pay a visit.

It's a canny gambit in what is becoming an increasingly lucrative game. The Web has long since proved that there's money to be made simply by telling people where to go. The veteran search engines—brand names like Yahoo and Excite, Lycos and Infoseek, HotBot and Alta Vista—still dominate the Web's Top 10 traffic lists despite less than stellar performance. The journal *Science* reports, for example, that the best search engines sample no more than a third of the hundreds of millions of sites in existence. Yet last March, according to the Web research firm RelevantKnowledge, a startling 31 million "unique visitors" accessed Yahoo (yahoo.com), making it not just the world's most popular Website but also a growing media powerhouse in its own right. Wall Street has rewarded the three-year-old company with a market valuation of \$5.2 billion. Excite drew more than 16 million users last month and enjoys a \$1 billion market valuation although it has yet to turn a profit. After Yahoo reported

stronger-than-expected earnings last week, both stocks jumped more than 16% in one day.

To justify Wall Street's love, the big search engines will have to give their audience ever better reasons to stay tuned. Yahoo and Excite understand this, and almost since their inception have been working to transcend their origins, morphing from simple navigation aids into (warning: buzzword ahead) "portals," mega-

Websites that are designed to fulfill a wired citizen's every last online need: browsing, shopping, playing, chatting, whatever. "We began with simple searching," says Yahoo co-founder Jerry Yang, "and that's still a big hit—our Seinfeld, if you will—but we've also tried to develop a must-see-TV lineup: Yahoo Finance, Yahoo Chat, Yahoo Mail. We think of ourselves as a media network these days."

Excite feels the same way about itself. Its personalization play is its biggest step yet in the race to catch up to its first-place rival. Yahoo and Excite have each offered a modest form of personalization for two years.

Yahoo calls its service My Yahoo; Excite's is My Excite. Each loads stock quotes, news flashes and various other tidbits, along with the inevitable blinking ads, onto one customizable page. Starting this week, though, Excite has made personalization the centerpiece of its site. It's a gamble, but one grounded in experience. "People who personalize," says Kraus, "return five times more often than people who don't." What's more, these users are intensely loyal. "My Yahoo is getting 6.9 million unique visitors a month, and My Excite is getting 4.4 million," says Jeff Levy, CEO of RelevantKnowledge. "And there's virtually no overlap."

There's more than loyalty at stake, however. The first generation of search engines derived the bulk of their revenues from advertisers chasing their millions of users. But as the Web matures, more and more income will come from online transactions. And what better way to do targeted marketing than to get as personal as possible with as many of your users as will answer your questions? "It's a virtuous cycle," says Kraus. "The more you know about your customer, the more time he's likely to spend on your service and the more you can target that time more effectively for both advertisers and customers."

Will Yahoo follow suit? For now, Yang's path to portalthood goes through something called Yahoo Online, a full-bore online access service launched last month with long-distance giant MCI. Unfortunately, AOL pretty much staked out the \$14.95-a-month turf years ago, and you get the feeling Yang knows it. "MCI is a way of getting our users to Yahoo faster," he says, "but it's just one of many." Like more personalization, maybe? If traffic on the new Excite starts soaring, Levy predicts, "you'll see Yahoo follow suit. The Web's rules are being rewritten weekly."

Along with its player roster. Take, for instance, *MSN.com*, home page of the famously underperforming Microsoft Network. Later this year—if the Feds don't quash his online ambitions first—Bill Gates will launch Microsoft Start, MSN's reincarnation as a portal site. Microsoft's early Web efforts may have been feeble, but that doesn't mean the Gen-X millionaires at Yahoo and Excite won't be looking over their shoulder. "It's early in the game," says Yang. And Bill Gates tends to win in the late rounds. ■



VROOOOOOM ...

	YAHOO	EXCITE
Newest initiative	Yahoo Online (with MCI)	Revamped "personalized" Website
Current customer base	31 million "unique visitors" in March	16 million "unique visitors" in March
Market value	About \$5.2 billion	About \$1 billion

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SCIENCE AND THE SHROUD

The relic was declared a fake a decade ago, but millions are expected to venerate it, inspired by those who say there is truth to back their faith

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

And Pilate wondered if he were already dead; and summoning the centurion, he asked him whether he was already dead. And when he learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the body to Joseph. And he bought a linen shroud, and taking him down, wrapped him in the linen shroud, and laid him in a tomb which had been hewn out of the rock; and he rolled a stone against the door of the tomb. —Gospel of Mark, 15: 44-46

WHEN ITS MOMENT ARRIVES AGAIN, THIS SATURDAY, the venerable—and venerated—relic will be slipped out of the silver casket that has protected it for centuries, through fire and water, doubt and blind belief. Gingerly, fastidiously, overseen by Giovanni Cardinal Saldarini and a German textile conservation expert, it will be unspooled from around its

wooden cylinder. After a top cloth has been pulled away—red taffeta, sewn by Princess Clotilde of Savoy in 1868—the fragile, scarréd length of ancient linen will be smoothed into place in a metal-and-glass display case built precisely to its dimensions. The case's air will be drawn out and replaced with argon, an inert gas. Then the case will be hung horizontally at the intersection of the Turin Cathedral's nave and transept, near the center of the cathedral's built-in cross. And thus six days after Easter, spectators will be allowed to view an image that has grown fainter with each unveiling: the portrait of a dead man.

A faded image of a body, splashes of blood. A scrap of cloth that may attest both Passion and Resurrection. The Roman Catholic hierarchy in this northwestern Italian city, renowned for its auto industry—and, well, for *this*—estimates that 3 million people will line up in the next eight weeks to view what has come to be known as the Shroud of Turin, on public dis-

**The Deposition
and Shroud
of Turin**

Cloaca Battista
Della Rovere
(1561-1630)

GOD IN THE DETAILS?

The shroud shows many features that match accounts of Christ's Crucifixion. Damage to the cloth is visible as well

BLOOD from nailing of the feet

PATCHES sewn over burn marks from 1532 fire

BURN HOLES from unknown incident prior to 1532



BLOOD soaked into weave of shroud

BLOOD FLOW across the small of the back from a wound to the chest



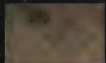
BLOOD from wounds on back, perhaps caused by flogging

BLOOD FLOWS from punctures on head



BLOOD from the wound to the right side of the chest

TRAILS OF BLOOD from wrist



BLOODSTAIN on wrist where it was apparently nailed

MARKS FROM WATER used to douse the 1532 fire



SAMPLE cut for carbon-dating test in 1988

BACTERIAL COATING on shroud fibers. Some think this affects dating



play for the first time in 20 years. Seven hundred thousand have reserved their places. The Pope will arrive on May 24 to venerate the relic. Some of the pilgrims who precede and follow him will no doubt come out of idle curiosity. Some will come to view a historic conundrum. But the majority will make the pilgrimage to the Shroud of Turin in order to attain grace in the presence of clothing Jesus left behind when he arose on the third day.

But wait a moment. There's something wrong with this picture. Hasn't this all been settled—and in the negative? It certainly seemed so. In 1988, just as scientific testing and historical scholarship had convinced ever greater numbers of intelligent people that the shroud might indeed be Jesus' burial cloth, its keepers elected to allow one more test. They distributed small samples to three laboratories for radiocarbon dating. Several months later, the labs revealed their verdict: the linen of the cloth dated no earlier than the late Middle Ages. Skeptics rejoiced; romantics were subdued. One crestfallen enthusiast later wrote, "It seemed that anyone who had previously upheld any serious case for the shroud's credibility... had been dealt a fatal stab to the heart."

And yet a sort of resurrection has occurred. Counterintuitive as it may seem in an age when technology has either trumped belief or become its new focus, a fascination with the shroud seems to have not only survived but also flourished. It can be tracked on the World Wide Web, from the official archdiocese site to the home page of the Turin fire brigade (which saved the relic during a fire last April). It can be discussed at the Centre International d'Etudes sur le Linceul de Turin in Paris, the Collegamento pro Sindone in Rome (*sindone* is the Latin word for shroud), Valencia's Centro Español de Sindonologia or with the members of variously titled organizations in England and the U.S., whose members happily refer to themselves as "shroudies." It finds its adherents among everyday Catholics and among the exalted as well: during an in-flight press conference in 1989 on his way to Madagascar, when asked if he believed the shroud to be genuine, John Paul II replied, "I think it is."

WHAT IS MOST STRIKING about the resurgent interest may be not its persistence but its aggressiveness. It appears to have bred that rare 20th century phenomenon, the refusal to accept what under other circumstances would be considered a foregone scientific conclusion. On Website after Website, in



ANCIENT CLUES

Author Ian Wilson suggests the Cloth of Edessa, whose 6th century discovery is portrayed in a Russian icon, above, may disprove a claim by a 14th century bishop, right, that the shroud was a fresh fake

book after much hyped book and in the Turin Cathedral this week, an act of rebellion is under way. It is not as sweeping as the creationists' jihad against Darwin, but it is also far more focused: what is under attack here is not a vast theory with admitted gaps but a specific experiment on a specific piece of cloth—an apparently pure application of the scientific method that the West has taken for granted since the days of the Enlightenment.

To be sure, not even the most avid defender of radiocarbon dating would deny that at least one mystery continues to surround the shroud: How did the image of a

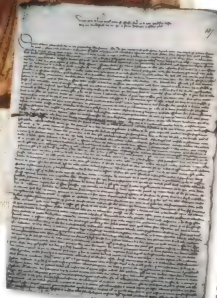
man, plainly crucified and preternaturally finely rendered, get on it in the first place? Were the image not allegedly Christ's, the matter would be relegated to obscure academic journals on Byzantine textile technology. As things stand, however, the conundrum of origin and the slim chance that the scientific dating may have been rigged (not likely)

or flawed (a better possibility) are being employed by die-hard shroudies to shore up their hope that their cause is not lost. Faith is ratcheting up the scrutiny on science to unheard-of levels, and the mystified scientists, who considered the case essentially closed, find themselves challenged to make it so airtight that not even a prayer can slip in.

A 14TH CENTURY SKEPTIC One of the first universally accepted documentations of what we now know as the Shroud of Turin happens to be a letter declaring it a fraud. In 1389 Pierre d'Arcis, then Bishop of Troyes, described a "twofold image of one man, that is to say, the back and the front... thus impressed together with the wounds which he bore." The linen cloth had occupied a place of honor in a church in the tiny French town of Lirey since the 1350s; D'Arcis, who was writing to his Pope, complained that "although it is not publicly stated to be the true shroud of Christ, nevertheless this is given out and noised abroad in private." This annoyed D'Arcis, who wrote that a predecessor of his had ascertained that "the image is cunningly painted... a work of human skill and not miraculously wrought or bestowed."

What D'Arcis's letter sketched out, documents left by 16th century nuns described in detail: the 14-ft.-long, herringbone-twill linen cloth of which the bishop spoke did bear the image of a naked and bearded man about 6 ft. tall, hair in a loose ponytail, back apparently scourged with a multithonged whip, hands crossed modestly before him. The figure was already faded then: a more recent witness described it as having "both the color and character of faint scorch marks on a well-used ironing cover." But not so faint that, D'Arcis excepted, people doubted who it was. Believers continued to converge on Lirey. Later, after the shroud fell into the possession of Italy's royal Savoy family and was moved to Turin, the church granted it its own feast day, and crowds viewing its public showings grew so thick that some pilgrims died of suffocation.

The Middle Ages, of course, were salad days for relics, real and fake (churches in Constantinople and Angeli boasted heads of John the Baptist), and as the centuries rolled on, bits of the True Cross or Our Lady's shoe faded from prominence within their gilded reliquaries. What catapulted the shroud into its role as a modern touchstone was the testimony of a thoroughly modern invention: the camera. On May 26, 1898, a city councillor named Secondo Pia took the first photographs of the relic. One scholar re-



RELIGION

counts that as the negative image began to appear in his darkroom, Pia "nearly dropped the plate." Markings that had been faint on the cloth suddenly jumped out with such extraordinary clarity and added detail that "he felt certain he was looking on the face of Jesus." And, in subsequent exposures, his body. The lance wound in the chest and the bloody rivulets where a crown of thorns might have bitten were suddenly vividly manifest. It was eerie. As sindonologist Ian Wilson puts it in his new book, *The Blood and the Shroud: New Evidence That the World's Most Sacred Relic Is Real* (Free Press; 333 pages; \$25), "The clear implication was that the shroud itself was, in effect, a photographic negative that had been waiting dormant, like a preprogrammed time capsule, for the moment that photography's invention would release its hidden true 'positive.'"

I CERTAINLY RELEASED A NEW WAVE of fascination, both popular and scientific. In the 100 years following Pia's epiphany, the cloth has been removed from its silver casket not just for the public but also to several waves of scientific observers. The trend's high point occurred in 1978, when the Roman Catholic Church allowed a five-day extravaganza during which more than two dozen scientists from the U.S., Italy and Switzerland performed a battery of tests on the shroud and also used pieces of tape to lift material from its surface for later study. The tests included photo- and electron microscopy, X rays, spectroscopy, ultraviolet fluorescence, thermography and chemical analyses. Among the scientists' findings: that the shroud had come into direct contact with a body and that the "blood" on the cloth is probably real blood. The figure itself bears no telltale brushstrokes and seems to have been rendered by no artistic method either of the Middle Ages or of Jesus' time. Publicized by a spate of books, the 1978 findings exposed more people to the shroud than had ever thought of it before—and convinced a hefty portion of them that it was indeed Christ's burial sheet. That is, until an additional experiment seemed to rule out that possibility entirely.

On April 21, 1988, under the gaze of Anastasio Cardinal Ballestrero of Turin and a video camera, Italian microanalyst Giovanni Riggi cut a 3-in. by 3-in. strip of linen from the shroud, well away from its central image and any charred or patched areas. He divided the strip into three postage stamp-size samples and distributed them to representatives of laboratories in Zurich, Oxford and the University of Arizona in Tucson. Each then performed at



least three radiocarbon measurements on its sample.

Radiocarbon dating works by measuring an artifact from an isotope called carbon 14, traces of which are contained in all organic substances, including the flax plants from which the shroud's linen was made. Carbon 14 is unstable and decays over time into another isotope. The amount present in living organisms remains nearly constant because it is continually replaced through the intake of food and air. But when animals and plants die, their level of carbon 14 begins to decrease at a known, fixed rate. Thus the amount of residual carbon 14 in an object provides a measurement of its age.

The scientists retreated to their labs. In October of the same year, the Oxford team

gave a press conference at the British Museum. To eliminate suspense, they had fully written two dates on a chalkboard behind them: "1260-1390!" This estimated for the origin of the shroud's linen was detailed in an article co-written with the er two labs for the journal *Nature*. w straightforwardly stated that the radiocarbon-dating results "provide conclusive evidence that the linen of the Shroud of T is medieval." Nuclear physicist Harry G who helped develop the radiocarbon-d process used on the shroud, went a bit ther. He said the odds were "about one thousand trillion" against the shroud's ing been woven in the time of Jesus. Edy Hall, a member of the Oxford team, v further still. Anyone who continued to



PHOTOS AND PERILS

Sebastiano Valfre, left, mends the shroud before its royal owners, the Savoy, in 1694; Secondo Pia took the first photographs of the shroud in 1898, above, and discovered its remarkable transformation on his negatives; close-up at right is by a later photographer. Last April an apparent arson damaged the shroud and would have consumed it but for a heroic rescue by Turin fire fighter Mario Trematore, below left



lieve the shroud was genuine, he pronounced, must be a "flat-earther."

BUCKING THE ODDS "If it were proved fake tomorrow, it wouldn't shake my faith," says Ian Wilson from his home near Brisbane, Australia. "The fact that it might have touched the body of Christ doesn't move me at all. It's just knowing that the image exists. I would be as interested in a 14th century cloth if I could find the artist who made it."

Well, maybe. Few people have put as much effort into proving that no human hand painted the shroud—and that it is far older than the radiocarbon dating allows—as the cheerful, Oxford-educated Wilson. Perhaps the best known and most open minded of the shroud apologists, Wilson,

57, has penned three shroud books and spent innumerable hours researching the relic. He was first captivated by a photograph of the image at age 15. "It just didn't seem like a work of art to me; it whittled my interest and rocked my agnosticism." He eventually converted to Catholicism and penned what is probably the most stirring hypothetical description ever of the shroud's possible origin. "In the darkness of the Jerusalem tomb the dead body of Jesus lay, unwashed, covered in blood, on a stone slab," he wrote in his 1978 best seller *The Shroud of Turin*. "Suddenly there is a burst of mysterious power from it. In that instant the blood dematerializes, dissolved perhaps by the flash, while its image and that of the body becomes indelibly fused

onto the cloth, preserving for posterity a literal 'snapshot' of the Resurrection."

Despite such eloquent partisanship, which he sustains in *The Blood and the Shroud*, Wilson is punctiliously fair minded, always printing the other side's opinion before politely taking issue with it. He delights in sindonology's varied arcana. The new book touches on such points as Roman graffiti, the readouts of a machine called the VP-8 Image Analyzer, grisaille (monochrome gray) painting and the feeding habits of the ibis. He discusses the musculature of the brow and the existence of the twill-and-herringbone weave in ancient Palestinian linen, and in a footnote he downplays the possibility that the image on the shroud is that of a leader of the Knights Templar who was crucified before being executed. But he also keeps an eye on the basics. What does he feel he can say unequivocally about the shroud? "Based on medical evidence and other information, the image seems to be someone crucified in the manner of Christ." As opposed, he means, to the manner in which the Crucifixion has traditionally been depicted in Western art. "The nail wounds in the hands go through the wrists, not the palms," consistent with what little we now know about the gory practice in the Roman Empire of the 1st century. "And those are real blood flows," following laws of physiology that were unknown to doctors or painters either in Jesus' time or during the Middle Ages. Against those who suspect the stains are faked or late additions because they have remained reddish, Wilson calmly produces an expert on ancient DNA who says blood from a traumatic death can retain its tint for millenniums. Wilson's conclusion, based as well on the eerie three-dimensional quality of the image's photographic negative, is that it is not, as Bishop d'Arcis contended, a cunning painting. "To try to interpret it as the product of some unknown medieval faker seems rather like arguing for the Taj Mahal being a mere geological accident," he has written. "It must have come into contact with a real body."

THIS IN ITSELF DOES NOT CONTRADICT the radiocarbon-dating results, but other aspects of Wilson's research do, most notably a chronology that appears to track the shroud back long before 1260. Wilson finds several European references to what appears to be the shroud in the early 1200s. But more important, he seems, through historical detective work to have connected it to something called the Edessa Cloth. A historically well-documented object of reverence in Constantinople for 350 years, the cloth disappeared when the Crusaders plundered the city in 1204. Most

Radiocarbon Dating: the Final Word?



HANDLE WITH CARE: In 1978 the first in-depth scientific probe, above, seemed to support the shroud's authenticity; by 1988, radiocarbon dating (see chart) had dashed believers' hopes

CARBON DATING determines an object's age by measuring its level of carbon 14

1. **CARBON 14** is created when cosmic ray-produced neutrons interact with nitrogen atoms in the atmosphere
2. **FLAX PLANTS** take up the radioactive carbon 14
3. **THE AMOUNT** of carbon 14 is fixed once the flax plants are picked and made into linen
4. **OVER TIME** carbon 14 decays at a fixed rate known as the half-life. The half-life of carbon 14 is about 5,700 years

SCIENTISTS CAN figure out how long the flax plants have been dead by measuring the amount of carbon 14 in the linen and comparing it with the amount in modern plants. Tests on the shroud in 1988 showed it to be about 700 years old



Byzantine witnesses described it as being a mystically precise likeness of Jesus' head. But Wilson cites a 13th century memoir by a French soldier, housed in the Royal Library in Copenhagen, that appears to describe it as a whole body ("there was the shroud in which Our Lord had been wrapped, which every Friday raised itself upright, so that one could see the figure of Our Lord on it"). Existing crease marks, says Wilson, explain the way in which today's shroud might be folded to display only the head but unfolded for the benefit of special viewers. He then creates a plausible chronology for the image extending backward to Edessa (located in central Turkey), where legend dates it to Jesus' era, and forward again via those larcenous Crusaders to Lirey, where its modern history begins. The time line, of course, contradicts the 1988 results. "All this inevitably gives rise to the question," Wilson writes in his new book. "Can anyone any longer be quite so sure of radiocarbon dating's claim 'conclusively' to have proved the shroud a medieval fake? ... Is it not time, now, to look just a little more critically at the technique's own credibility?"

TAINTED SAMPLES? The strongest and most obvious technical critique of the radiocarbon dating, springing from an indisputable weakness in the testing procedure, is that since all three labs' specimens came from a single swatch of cloth, all were

affected if the swatch were atypical or contaminated. The mantra for this position, quoted fervently by shroud proponents who might otherwise have little to do with one another, is that "the tests could have been precise without being accurate." Chemist Alan Adler, an emeritus professor at Western Connecticut State University who has worked on the shroud, takes this possibility very seriously. "The sample used for dating," he asserts, "came from an area that is water-stained and scorched, and the edge is back-woven, indicating repair"—not from a clean portion, as the dating team insists. Adler says that infrared spectroscopy indicates that the sample's threads differ from those in the rest of the shroud. That doesn't guarantee, he hastens to acknowledge, that the sample was insufficiently testable and representative. But to be sure, he says, "you need more than one sample."

A RELATED COMPLAINT WAS RAISED in 1993 by a Russian scientist named Dmitri Kozunetsov and enthusiastically supported by John Jackson, a physicist who was one of the leaders of the 1978 research team and is now co-director of the Turin Shroud Center of Colorado. Kozunetsov suggested that the radiocarbon dates had been thrown off by the entire shroud's exposure to a fire in

1532, which could have been expected to alter its carbon profile.

Radiocarbon experts, however, rebuff both sets of charges. Choosing an unburned area was one of the most important decisions they could have made at the time. Says anthropologist R. Ervin Taylor, director of the radiocarbon-dating lab at the University of California at Riverside: "If they sampled in the wrong place, then they were idiots—and I know that's not the case." Geoscientist Paul Damon, a member of the University of Arizona team that tested one of the 1988 samples, hastens to say that the swatch was selected conscientiously and on the advice of textile experts. Contradicting Adler, he maintains, "We stayed away from charring and what might have been charred." Beyond that, the samples were cleaned both mechanically and chemically to rid them of contaminants. In fact, charring per se does not alter an object's carbon 14 ratio: scientists routinely use the method to date pieces of charcoal.

A DECEPTIVE COAT OF VARNISH? One challenge to the radiocarbon dating that has received a good deal of publicity is that of Dr. Leoncio Garza-Valdés, a San Antonio, Texas, podiatrist with interests in microbiology and archaeology. In 1983, while examining a Mayan jade artifact that art experts claimed was a recent forgery, Garza-Valdés discovered that it was covered by a lacquer-like

coating produced by bacteria. Since it also had traces of ancient blood on it that should have been datable by the radiocarbon method, he took it to the University of Arizona dating lab, where scientists scraped off a sample of this natural "varnish" as well as the blood underneath it. They came up with a date of about A.D. 400—definitely not modern, but still 600 years younger than the carving's style suggested.

Several years later, when the three labs, the University of Arizona among them, produced their wet-blanket dates for the Turin shroud, a possibility flashed through Garza-Valdés' mind. What if the shroud too had a "bioplastic" varnish—and the labs had been fooled into deeming an object younger than it actually was? In May 1993 Garza-Valdés traveled to Turin, microscope in hand, and was put in touch with Giovanni Riggi, the microanalyst who had parceled out the 1988 samples. Riggi let Garza-Valdés examine a tiny piece of shroud that he assured him came from the same batch. Sure enough, Garza-Valdés discovered a bioplastic film. "I knew immediately that the coating was there," he says. Riggi gave him a couple of threads and a blood-stain sample to take home.

Two years later, working with microbiologist Stephen Mattingly of the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio, Garza-Valdés determined that the coating was embedded with "coccal-shaped bacteria and filamentous mold-like organisms." In some places, the coating increased the diameter of the fibers as much as 60%—which the two scientists say could be enough to skew the radiocarbon dating by 1,300 years. What is more, this coating—which is transparent and thus invisible to the naked eye—cannot be removed by the conventional cleaning methods of most radiocarbon labs. Properly cleaned, says Mattingly, "I think you'd find out the [shroud's] linen is much older, though I don't know by how much."

Garza-Valdés and Mattingly kept up their research for several years and then parted ways. "Dr. Garza's science was fine," says Mattingly, "but then he started talking about the Holy Grail, among other things." Garza-Valdés has speculated that some of the bacteria isolated from the shroud could be remnants from the vine-

gar Jesus was force-fed while on the Cross. "That's absurd," says Mattingly, who nonetheless continues to back the doctor's contention that the bioplastic coating exists on the shroud.

Predictably, the radiocarbon-dating crowd is dubious about Garza-Valdés' claims regarding the bioplastic film. Although he and Mattingly have reported on the topic itself, they have never published a peer-reviewed paper on their shroud work. "The only people who have ever seen these bacteria are Drs. Mattingly and

process rest their contentions on a thin precipice of evidence. In contrast, the question of how the image got on the shroud remains a legitimate and tantalizing scientific problem—and just as vulnerable to extra-scientific exegesis. The image's most likely origin is an oxidation process akin to the natural aging of linen, but somehow accelerated in the fibers composing the "picture." Some have suggested that an enterprising artist could have created the image of a crucified man by daubing an acidic liquid (everything from sweat to lemon juice to sulfuric acid) on the cloth in the appropriate places and then exposing the material to heat. To attain a three-dimensional look, several investigators have suggested that a wet cloth was put over a bas-relief of a man and then burnished with iron oxides.

Throwing microbes into the mix would actually ease the production of an image. Says microbiologist Mattingly: "Imagine you've just come back from jogging and you're all sweaty, and you gently press a towel against your face. Now instead of throwing it into a corner, you set it carefully aside for several months. When you wiped your face, you transferred to the towel sweat, detritus and microbes that will grow and eventually form the image of a face."

Chemist Alan Adler, however, doubts that the oxidation was humanly induced. For one thing, the image is only one fiber deep. "If you lift a crossing fiber, you won't find any discoloration below," he says. The application of acids would not achieve such delicacy. Similarly, the fiber-by-microscopic-fiber gradations, even within a single thread, that make up the figure's exquisite "shading" would defy a human hand, were it engaged in either the application of acid or a rubbing process. Finally, Adler, a recognized expert on certain molecules found in blood, notes emphatically of the crimson stains and rivulets that ornament the shroud, "The blood is blood, and it came from a man who died a traumatic death." In fact, he says, both chemical analyses and a telltale yellow-green fluorescence under ultraviolet light indicate the presence of remains of a slightly different substance: the fluid exud-



THE OTHER SHROUD

According to the Gospel of John, Jesus left not just his shroud behind in the tomb but also a "napkin, which had been on his head, not lying with the linen cloths but rolled up in a place by itself." In a silvered cedar chest in the Cathedral of Oviedo, in Spain, there is a cloth, measuring slightly less than 2 ft. by 3 ft., that some believe to be the napkin. Records say the Cloth of Oviedo was spirited out of Jerusalem around 614 when the city was attacked by Persia, then traveled through North Africa to Oviedo, where it has been housed since 1113. No image is visible on the cloth, but researchers Alan and Mary Whanger have concluded that it bears a number of bloodstains that correspond to similar stains on the Shroud of Turin, suggesting the two cloths touched the same head



Garza-Valdés," says Arizona's Timothy Jull. "In my opinion, our sample of the shroud was very clean, and there was no evidence of any coating." Even if the hypothetical varnish existed, Jull adds, the amount necessary to throw off the dating by 1,300 years would have been visible to the naked eye. Snipes U.C. River-side's Taylor: "At the present time, the 'bioplastic theory' has many of the characteristics of cold fusion," the here-one-day-ridiculed-the-next physics fiasco of 1989.

THE IMAGE: DIVINE OR DEVISED? Those who see flaws in the radiocarbon-dating



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ed from blood clots. That substance and its invisible-to-the-naked-eye manifestation, he says, were unknown until the 20th century, so if a medieval artist did create the image, "he must have been a genius."

Like many other experts, Adler discounts a once popular theory that the bloodstains are composed of microscopic particles of reddish pigment, bound in a tempera medium. While it is possible that there are traces of pigment on the shroud, says historian Wilson, they are most likely flakes from copies of the image that were pressed onto

the shroud in an attempt to rub off some of its sanctity. Adler believes the image must have been triggered by some sort of radiation process. But he stays away from speculation as to whether such radiation could have been divine in origin. "You can't go to the literature and find an explanation," says Adler. "Science can never authenticate this cloth, because there's no lab test for Christ-ness."

Which is not to say that some people haven't played with the possibility. In November, Doubleday plans to publish Garza-Valdés' provocatively titled *The DNA of God?* Scientifically, Garza-Valdés carefully hedges his statements about the shroud, saying only that "as of now, I have no reason to believe the Shroud of Turin is not the burial cloth of Jesus Christ" and that he thinks the blood on the shroud is human, male and ancient. In the early 1990s, Garza-Valdés asked Victor Tryon, director of the Center for Advanced DNA Technologies at the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio, to help him identify the organisms he believed were present in the shroud samples. To do so, he used a technique that enabled him to make millions of copies of the infinitesimally small segments of DNA contained in sticky-tape samples of the shroud.

Of the tests, Tryon says, "All I can tell you is that DNA contamination is present and that the DNA belonged either to a human or another higher primate. I have no idea who or where the DNA signal came from, nor how long it's been there." It is, he says, not necessarily the remains of blood. "Everyone who has ever touched the shroud or cried over the shroud has left a potential DNA signal there." Tryon quit the project soon after his tests. "I saw it as a multidisciplinary project involving archaeology, physiology and other fields. But I came to believe there was another agenda

present too. It was my first encounter with zealotry in science."

LEAPS OF FAITH It is obviously within the realm of possibility that the radiocarbon tests on the Shroud of Turin were faulty. Although many of the attacks upon them verge on the crackpot, questions regarding the typicality of the sample swatch cannot be summarily dismissed. They are, moreover, unlikely to be settled soon. Far from being eager to hack another piece off his ever more delicate artifact for purposes of

ago, Trabattini saw a videotape about the relic. The tape spent a few minutes on the results of the radiocarbon dating, mostly to disparage it. But what Trabattini remembers is the details it pointed out in the cloth. "The wounds on the shoulders," she explains, "the wounds from the flogging, the wounds on the knees. And there was one thing I remember very distinctly that touched me very much. There was a professor of medicine who studied the shroud and said the point at which the nails were driven in was a very painful place. Every movement

this person had to make in order to breathe made him suffer more. All these details make me absolutely positive that it's genuine." She says with a revitalized faith. "The person was Christ."

Personally, Arizona's Damon is getting a little tired of that attitude. "The problem with dating the shroud is that you're in the realm of religion rather than science," he complains. Instead of going over the same ground again and again, he would prefer to resume his current research on global warming.

Can Marella Trabattini and Paul Damon be reconciled? Perhaps not; they inhabit different worlds. But it is worth noting that the church, which has been dealing with such issues for centuries, has a clear policy on relics, notwithstanding John Paul's private opinion on the shroud. They are to be venerated, not worshipped; valued not for their own divinity but because they turn believers' souls toward that which is truly holy.

At the time of the radiocarbon dating, Peter Rinaldi, an American priest known as "Mr. Shroud" for his devotion to the linen sheet, wrote several letters to other devotees. In one he quoted St. Paul: "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." In another Rinaldi explicated, "If the shroud does have a meaning, it is because it speaks to us of his sufferings as no other image does... at best the shroud is only a sign of our faith and hope in Christ. He and he alone is our greatest and dearest possession."

And for Christians worldwide—including those now wending their way toward Turin—if the shroud were proved absolutely, indisputably medieval tomorrow, he would remain sufficient. —Reported by Andrea Dorfman/New York and Greg Burke and Martin Penner/Rome



THE KEEPER
Giovanni Saldarini, Cardinal Saldarini with a 3-D NASA image of the front of the shroud

a radiocarbon rematch, Cardinal Saldarini called in all outstanding threads and samples without explanation two years ago, announcing only that the church would disown any testing on unreturned remnants. That is bad news, given 20th century humanity's ravenous hunger for literal certainty. Transubstantiation is well and good, but the tantalizing notion that the red spatters on linen are Christ's actual blood, rather than wine as blood, and that the imprint on cloth was left by the resurrected body, not a Communion wafer, is intoxicating.

That is why Marella Trabattini, 32, will be in Turin, one of the 3 million visitors expected. The housewife will make the 90-mile drive from Milan with her husband Luca. They will bring along their two infant children. "Age doesn't make any difference for receiving grace," she notes. A few years

BEWARE THIS

Doctors find a drug that can prevent breast cancer, but

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

FOR HELENE WILSON, THE DECISION to participate in a clinical trial of tamoxifen took no thought at all. Scientists at the National Cancer Institute and the National Institutes of Health wanted to know if the drug, used for 25 years to treat breast cancer, could prevent the disease. The question was of more than academic interest to Wilson, 48, a North Wales, Pa., nurse and mother of two. Four close relatives, including her mother and grandmother, had died of breast cancer at an early age. Wilson herself had a history of benign lumps in her breast. She was, her doctor once bluntly told her, "a walking time bomb."

Perhaps now she has been defused. Last week researchers announced that they were halting the study 13 months early. Reason: tamoxifen, they've learned, does indeed prevent breast cancer. It's the first drug ever shown to do so. Said Dr. Harold Varmus, director of the NIH, in announcing the results: "This is a big deal."

More of a big deal than he'd expected, perhaps. Although Varmus and other officials were careful to stress that tamoxifen is a potentially deadly drug with serious

Q Who Should Take It?

A Probably very few women at this point. If you're over 50, have two or more close relatives who have had breast cancer, had it yourself, or had precancerous lesions, you might consider it—after weighing the risks. If you have had a hysterectomy, those risks are fewer. But if you are under 50 and in no particular danger, forget it.

Q Why?

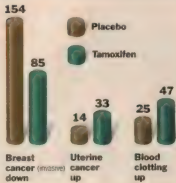
A The side effects of tamoxifen, including blood clots and uterine cancer, can be nearly as deadly as the breast cancer it prevents. No one knows how long women need to take the drug. And while it does reduce malignancies, that doesn't necessarily mean its users end up living longer. Only further studies can tell if the trade-offs make sense for most women.

Q So What's The Big Deal?

A Tamoxifen seems to prevent breast cancer. That's a big deal in the scientific sense because it suggests that such a thing can be done. Now doctors have to find a way to achieve the drug's benefits without triggering its nasty side effects. When they do that, women can truly celebrate.

TAMOXIFEN

Already in use for 25 years to treat breast cancer, tamoxifen has now been enlisted in its prevention as well. In the biggest test to date, the drug cut breast-cancer rates almost in half—but increased chances of potentially deadly, though usually treatable, blood clots and uterine cancer



BREAKTHROUGH!

it comes with so many caveats that it won't help most women

risks and unpleasant side effects, that message was all but lost in the initial euphoria. Breast cancer justifiably terrifies American women—so badly that many latched on to the discovery and ignored the downside.

It didn't take long for the backlash to begin. Breast-cancer support groups weighed in almost at once. Why, they asked, would an otherwise healthy woman want to take a drug that can cause birth defects, trigger blood clots and double her chance of getting cancer of the uterus? Some questioned the drug's value even for the 29 million American women whose chances of getting breast cancer are, like Helene Wilson's, significantly higher than the 1-in-9 national average. Tamoxifen is already approved as a breast-cancer treatment, so physicians can prescribe it for prevention as well. But, says Fran Visco, president of the National Breast Cancer Coalition, "this is not a drug for the average woman. It's not the prevention that we've all been demanding."

It was those demands in the late 1980s that made University of Pittsburgh surgeon Dr. Bernard Fisher and others take a second look at tamoxifen, which had been in use for a decade as a milder alternative to chemotherapy for treating breast cancer. They noticed that it not only helped keep cancer from returning in the affected breast but also cut in half the number

of new cancers in the other breast. Animal studies suggested that tamoxifen latches on to receptors in breast-cancer cells that would ordinarily take up the hormone estrogen—a substance known to fuel the growth of cancer. By keeping the estrogen out, tamoxifen essentially cuts off the cancer cells' fuel supply.

That being the case, Fisher and other researchers wondered whether this cell-starvation process could prevent breast cancer from taking hold in the first place. Thus in 1992 they began the federally funded, 13,388-participant, \$50 million study of women at especially high risk: being over 60 was a qualification by itself. Participants could also be included if they had a combination of two or more close relatives who had had the disease, a first child late in life, and several previous biopsies of suspicious lumps.

Researchers knew—and made clear to participants going in—that the drug was not without danger. While tamoxifen acts as an estrogen blocker in the breast, it acts more like estrogen itself in other parts of the body. That's why the scientists were on the lookout for uterine cancer and effects on the circulatory system. And while such problems did show up, so did the hoped-for protection. Women who took the tamoxifen had a 45% lower incidence

of breast malignancies than those who took placebos.

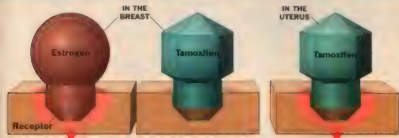
Results were so dramatic that the scientists stopped the study and gave the placebo group a chance to consult with their doctors about switching to the genuine medication.

Whether the women in the study group—or any other women at high risk for breast cancer—should take tamoxifen is complicated not only by the potential side effects but also by another confusing trade-off. Tamoxifen causes the most serious side effects in women over 50. But those are the women who have the highest odds of getting breast cancer. So many factors have to be weighed in the choice that researchers plan to produce a chart or software that will help women decide what to do. Unfortunately, it won't be ready for at least three months.

Critics also point out that cutting off the study in midstream prevented doctors from learning a lot more about tamoxifen's longer-term effects. Will women have to take the drug for the rest of their life? Does the protective effect decrease over time? Will new side effects show up with long-term use? Will tumors that appear while a woman is on tamoxifen be harder to treat (preliminary studies suggest they may be)? Can other drugs confer comparable protection without side effects? And most important, did taking tamoxifen lengthen or shorten these women's life?

These questions will be answered by future research. But what's more important, Fisher believes, is that science has finally demonstrated that breast cancer can be prevented. Most women, especially those at low risk, probably won't go on tamoxifen. But they may well end up taking the next generation of safer, tamoxifen-based drugs, which are already under development, or the generation after that. Until those drugs come along, Visco of the National Breast Cancer Coalition urges women to go slowly. "Wait," she says. "The best thing to do is wait."

—Reported by
Dick Thompson/Washington



SOMETIMES IT HELPS, SOMETIMES IT HURTS Tamoxifen plugs into the same cellular receptors as the natural hormone estrogen. In the breast, that's the end of it; unlike the estrogen it displaces, tamoxifen doesn't go on to stimulate tumor growth. In the uterus, though, for reasons nobody fully understands, it both plugs into and turns on cancer cells

Source: National Cancer Institute, NSADP. TAM: Diagram by Steve Hart

Larry Flynt, the Sequel

The pornographer-cum-First Amendment martyr returns to challenge Cincinnati once again

By JOEL STEIN

YOU CAN'T BLAME THE GUY. IF THE choice were to go down as either the publisher of cheap porn or a First Amendment activist, you'd be trying to get arrested too. So Larry Flynt returned to Cincinnati to martyr himself again. The Ohio city, where Flynt was arrested on obscenity charges in 1977, is called Cincinnati by free-speech crusaders, and is one of the few smut-free zones in the country. Enforcement is so strict that residents had to drive to Kentucky to see Paula Jones naked in *Penthouse*. Trying to catch the eye of the Cincinnati police, Flynt handed out free copies of *Hustler* on the street last year. No luck. Then he opened up a store selling his magazine, soft-core porn and sex toys. Nada. So he shipped in the hard stuff. Almost immediately the city redrew its zoning laws to make his store illegal. But before he got nailed for that violation, the county prosecutor sent in a 14-year-old kid to buy armloads of videos. Now Flynt is facing 15 counts of pandering obscenity and up to 24 years in jail. And he looks happy.

Flynt wants to prove that the obscenity exception to the First Amendment, as defined in the Supreme Court decision in *Miller v. California*, is bogus. The 1973 case allows local communities to determine what is acceptable. Flynt argues that even in Cincinnati, Americans no longer find much of anything to be obscene. In a society where anything can be downloaded on the Internet, where Bernard Shaw uses the F word on CNN and where one of Jerry Springer's most popular returning guests is a porn star famous for having sex with 300 people in one day, what can possibly be obscene?

Joe Deters, the young Hamilton County prosecutor who scored the indictment against Flynt last Tuesday, thinks he knows an obscene film when he sees one. "There's no pretense of a plot here; there's not even any music," he says. Citing one of Flynt's legal arguments that these videos are used as marital aids, he laughs and says: "Couples

use these as marital aids? Yeah, right. Bring them in. Because we'd like to ask them some questions."

"There has been a change in attitude across the board," Flynt argues. "If you looked in the dresser drawers of Middle America, you'd be surprised what you'd find." Case in point: one of the videos purchased by the prosecution is *Pam & Tommy Lee—Hardcore & Uncensored*, which has sold more than 200,000 copies, making



YOUR PAL, LARRY: Flynt signs *Hustler* at his store's opening; one of the offending videos

it the most popular adult video in history. But there was more than Pam and Tommy's honeymoon in Deters' shopping cart. "Pick up *Rocco* or whatever the hell that thing was, and you'll understand," Deters says. The tape, *Rocco More than Ever*, includes hair pulling, implied urination and a woman crawling around in pig feces, snorting. Flynt may not find that obscene, but he's a guy who decorated his driveway with a statue of an angel urinating into the mouth of a frog. *Rocco* may not

go over as well with a jury that will have to sit through all 16 films, most likely without popcorn.

The A.C.L.U., which is supporting Flynt again, thinks even *Rocco* might be tolerated. "Look at what's going on in the White House and how tolerant people are," says A.C.L.U. president Nadine Strossen. "It indicates that the populace has become much more tolerant of sex between consenting adults and less willing to spend public resources in investigating that activity." Gary Bauer, president of the Family Research Council, a lobbying group with links to the Christian right, doesn't buy that. "Ask the average American whether they want somebody handing their kids birth control pills, and they'll still say no. Ask a wife if she wants her husband having easy access to pornography, and she'll say

no way. People know this stuff is the equivalent of cultural pollution," he says. "I must admit my theory on this is questioned when I see CBS offering Howard Stern his own show. Maybe Larry Flynt should stay by the phone."

Flynt's lawyer, Alan Isaacman, who won the case celebrated in the movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, is more interested in eliminating the obscenity exception to the First Amendment than in proving that Cincinnati can handle bestiality. "The whole notion of community standards is a contradiction of the rights the Constitution guarantees to all Americans," he argues. "How can you have the right to watch something in Los Angeles and not in Cincinnati?" Isaacman says Justice Potter Stewart's definition of obscenity—"I know it when I see it"—

reveals the ruling's flaw: "If you don't have Stewart in front of you, what good does that do? No law should put anyone in the position of having to guess what's legal and what isn't."

Burt Neuborne, a constitutional law professor at New York University who played Jerry Falwell's lawyer in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, thinks this won't

be the case to challenge *Miller*: the charge of selling to juveniles muddies it too much. But Neuborne expects Flynt to bring up more cases in his effort. "He would like in the latter part of his life to become an admired figure, not simply a pitied figure," he says, reflecting on Flynt's paralysis after being shot by a right-wing extremist. "I'm not sure it will work. There's nothing wrong with people trying to be heroes. But I think it's going to be hard for him to make the grade." ■

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BEAUTY AND THE

Stocked with real creatures and fantastic images, Disney's Animal Kingdom is positively zoo-issimo!

By RICHARD CORLISS ORLANDO

VISITORS BOARD SIMBA ONE, AN oversized tram (seats 32) that will take you on a safari through "the Serengeti grass-land system," and as one fellow steps into the open-air vehicle, he asks, "Is it air-conditioned?" No, mate, this is reality. Real crocodiles lazing primordially below that rickety bridge. Actual cheetahs motoring their stretch-limo bodies across the savanna. Genuine loamy smell over there near the warthog. (Hakuna matata, guys—it's only nature's perfume.)

And real work for the travelers. The recorded voice at the start of the adventure encourages you to "Grow eyes!"; there are dozens of shy creatures—Waldo-beasts, if you will—waiting to be discovered by the visitor who is visually acute. Look hard for the gray elephant trying to tuck herself behind the grayish rock. Flick a peek to one side and catch a pair of two-ton white rhinos who seem to have sleepy-mean eyes to butt the tram (hatari!). And don't miss the gawky East African crowned cranes off to the right. The driver turns on a radio, a sweet Swahili tune (*Hapa Dunia* by the Voices of Celebration) waits through the air, and the cranes turn into an impromptu chorus line, stepping gracefully to the music.

Is it "real," or is it that artful contradiction, Disney reality? For this is Disney's Animal Kingdom, the spectacular, instructive, \$800 million new species of theme park that will open next week, surrounded by the usual ballyhoo and, for Disney, the usual naysayers and pickets (see box). "We're in the magic business," says chairman and CEO Michael Eisner, "and this park is all about magic and illusion."

The magic of numbers, the illusion of intimacy. More exotic creatures are on display in the 20-min. safari ride than would likely be seen on a week's trek through Africa: okapis, nyalas, zebras, giraffes, ostriches, Thompson gazelles, hippos and a quintet of eland that your driver must stop for as they cross the bumpy road. And thanks to feeding stations hidden in tree bogs, the animals will usually be grazing in view. Thus Animal Kingdom solves the dilemma of the modern zoo: how to keep animals out of cages but still on more or less predictable display.

The animals' behavior is not so much altered as stage-managed. To the visitor, that lion and lioness sunbathing on Pride Rock look close enough ... well, close enough to eat you. But they are separated from the tram by an unseen gulch too wide for the beasts to straddle. The savanna where they roam

was once drab cow pasture, but every weed and rut has been meticulously contoured and art-directed to resemble an African plain. Disney's Imagineers did a convincing makeover. When Franklin Sonn, the South African ambassador to the U.S., saw the place last month, he said, "This is the bush veldt. This is my home."

At 500 acres, Animal Kingdom, fourth of the Walt Disney World parks—after Magic Kingdom (opened 1971), EPCOT Center (1982) and Disney-MGM (1989)—is the biggest. The company hired 2,800 workers to build the park and 2,500 "cast members" (performing employees) to entertain and instruct all the visitors. As many as 10 million are expected the first year.

The scope of Disney's ambitions—newer, grander world upon world—looks giddy to outsiders, but it's just good busi-

1,000

animals were imported in the greatest movement of zoo species since Noah



E BEASTS



THEY GOT GAME

Clockwise from top: Safari guests spot giraffes; a mandrill in the savanna; a Discovery River Boat on tour; Walt's first animal, with a tansandua; a dancer from Festival of the Lion King



ness to Judson Green, president of Walt Disney Attractions. "We have done more in the past three or four years than we ever have," Green says, "and we will do even more in the future." Each new "more" will also aim to be different—a continuing revolution by evolution of the park thematic. "Young people, especially, don't care what you did in the past," Eisner says. "They want to know what's next. And we've found that copying ourselves is not always successful. It certainly isn't fun."

Most Wall Streeters agree with Disney's strategy. In the 14 years of the Eisner era, the company has built Disney-MGM, two water parks, 14 hotels, six golf courses, a Pleasure Island village of night clubs, the Downtown Disney megalomart and a huge Wide World of Sports complex spun off from its ESPN cable franchise. The result: Orlando, once a sleepy gas stop between Cape Canaveral and Tampa, is now the world's top resort destination. So why stop now? Given Disney's gift for—nay, obsession with—synergy, the cross-pollinating marketing possibilities for the new park are endless. "Think of all the animal-related programming, from Bambi to Simba," says PaineWebber analyst Christopher Dixon. "Disney can now use Animal Kingdom as a way to promote and revitalize many of its animal brands."

Some analysts expect Animal Kingdom to suck customers away from older Disney attractions, but Mouse House execs believe families will simply stay longer. (The typical out-of-state visit is currently three days.) You can't underestimate the power of a six-year-old's tugging at an adult's sleeve, flashing those big cow eyes and saying, "Please, Daddy, just one more day."

Actually, this child had better be precocious. Animal Kingdom does offer distractions for the very young, such as a dinosaur dig (a huge sandbox where kids can, over a day's time, unearth the bones of a "T. rex") and a petting zoo (where re-



CAUTION: LIVE ANIMALS



FROM MICKEY AND GOOFY TO THE LION KING'S Timon and Pumbaa, animals have been valued—and immensely profitable—members of the Disney family. But caring for the live creatures at Animal Kingdom is different from controlling the animated critters for which the company has been famous. Over the past six months, more than a dozen animals have died at the Disney zoo or on their way there. Last week, prompted by the string of deaths, the U.S. Department of Agriculture launched an investigation to determine whether Disney has violated the Animal Welfare Act.

Among the animals that died were four cheetah cubs, two hippos and two rhinos. The causes of their demise ranged from heart attack to kidney failure, the latter possibly brought on by ethylene glycol, the main ingredient in antifreeze. Two otters also died, one after gorging itself on seeds from nearby locust trees. Disney has uprooted the trees and removed them from the habitat.

Animal-rights activists claim the deaths are further evidence of Disney's abysmal record with wildlife. They recall the cruelty charges brought against the entertainment giant after six vultures died at its Discovery Island park in 1989. "When it comes to animals," says Joe Taksel, managing director of the Animal Rights Foundation of Florida, "Disney should stick to Mickey Mouse." Some activists plan to picket the park on opening day.

cently two children fervently stroked the head of a baby goat, oblivious to the fact that the animal was peeing). But the park could be rated For Mature Children Only.

By this we don't mean that animals may occasionally be seen doing what animals do when they want to make more animals. We mean that the park demands rapt attention. A place like the Magic Kingdom controls your eyes, manacles your emotions, spoon-feeds the kitsch marvels of Audio-Animatronics. In Animal Kingdom, you're the boss. Great stuff awaits you in this all-five-senses assault; you have to find it. Says Eisner: "The 'script' is looser. And the guests have to work, but in a fun way."

You enter the park and, instead of a Main Street or Spaceship Earth, you see paths with no special markers leading you where you know not where. This is the Oasis, a riot of trees where cast members will point you toward the greenery so you can see a snoozing two-toed sloth in one tree, a couple of military macaws skirmishing in another. Then you reach the park's central icon, the Tree of Life, a 145-ft.-high broccoli stalk—actually an oil rig festooned with fake bark and 103,000 artificial leaves, each attached by hand—into which 325 creatures have been artfully carved. When the family breaks up to go exploring, you'll be tempted to say, "Meet you at the Tree of Life," but the thing is so wide (170 ft. around) that visitors could circle it for ages without finding one another. The downside: you can easily get lost in Animal Kingdom. The thrilling up side: so can your imagination.

Inside the Tree is one of the park's few structured entertainments. It's *Tough to Be a Bug!*, a 3-D film with in-theater effects on the order of the *Honey, I Shrunk the Audience* attraction at EPCOT. Inspired

by characters in this fall's film release *A Bug's Life* (from Disney and Pixar, the tandem that made *Toy Story*), this creepily mini-epic features a cast of zillions and plenty of clever insect asides. But the kids will love the gross-out effects. One tiny creature, the Termite-ator, blows "snot" at the audience (you will get wet). A stink bug backs up to the screen and engulfs the crowd in his sulfurous stench (face it, fart jokes are funny). At the end, the human audience is asked to wait while the bug audience leaves the theater, and—*eww!*—it feels as if cockroaches are scurrying under your butt.

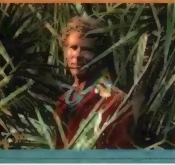
Animal Kingdom boasts other shows: a zesty *Jungle Book* presentation, with gaily colored puppets; and a *Festival of the Lion King* (the fourth stage show

Disney has spun off from its 1994 animated smash) that blends audience participation with tumbling, stilt-walking, Cirque du Soleil-style big-topicality. In Dinoland U.S.A. there's a dinosaur thrill ride, Countdown to Extinction, that uses the technology of the popular Indiana Jones ride in Disneyland, California. But the best spectacles are the ones visitors create, discover or stumble into on their own.

Take a stroll through Gorilla Falls, which executive designer Joe Rohde, who dreamed up the park, carefully calls "a representation, not a reproduction, of an African habitat." Stop to gaze at—then try, just try to tear yourself away from—the terrarium of mole rats, burrowing or eating or just collapsed in a pile like a failed pyramid of cheerleaders. In a cloudy tank, two hippos float with hefty grace. Meerkats (completing *The Lion King's* "hakuna matata" trio) stand sentinel on a hill, gazing

THREE FOR THE SHOW

A Disney theme park is capitalism with human faces. This trio of dreamers brought Animal Kingdom alive, clockwise from top: Joe Rohde, in charge of design; Paul Comstock, who made the gardens grow; and Dr. Peri Wolff, director of veterinary services.



Outside zoo authorities say the company is getting a bad rap. All zoos experience attrition, and a dozen or so deaths among a population of more than 1,000 is not out of line with the norm. "Eventually, all of them will die," says Jane Ballentine, a spokeswoman for the American Zoo and Aquarium Association. "Just like humans."

That didn't lessen the embarrassment when two East African crowned cranes died during the final weeks of preparation for the park's April 22 grand opening. Both times one of the birds darted beneath an open-air tram on the Kilimanjaro Safari ride and was killed. Disney officials called the deaths "unfortunate accidents," but the remaining cranes were moved to a location near a walking trail, and the trams were outfitted with additional mirrors to improve visibility for drivers.

The irony is that Animal Kingdom sees itself as joining the ranks of the new, state-of-the-art *Uber-zoos*, like those in the Bronx, San Diego and Washington, whose mission is to help save species from extinction by breeding and studying them in captivity and, when possible, returning their descendants to the wild. Critics argue that the new zoos are merely high-tech amusement parks masquerading as research centers and that they divert funds from legitimate habitat-conservation programs. To be fair, several species have been saved through the efforts of these zoos. But as the deaths at Animal Kingdom show, it can be tricky to mix ecology and entertainment. "What we're experiencing," says Disney spokesman Bill Warren, "is what you really can't plan for in many cases—and that is the unknowns in dealing with exotic animals." —By Tammara In Drummond/Orlando



through glass at suspected predators: us. Finally, an ennead of gorillas—four bachelors on one side of a waterfall, a family of five safely on the other—scuff their knuckles as they proudly prowl.

Some of the people behind Animal Kingdom are as charismatic as the beasts on show. Rohde, 42, an intensely jaunty adventurer with a silent-movie villain's

mustache and enough gigantic native earrings dangling from his left lobe to fill a display case in a Nairobi Tiffany's, is a fine artist whose drawings from his world travels cued many of the park's lustrous images.

"I love wild things!" enthuses landscape architect Paul Comstock, 47, a gangly blond with an Andy Devine voice. Comstock is one such creature; he has drummed for rock bands as well as designed rock gardens, and he punctuates his remarks with urgent gesticulations, as if he were on strings maneuvered by a mad marionetteer. It was his job and pleasure to dress the park in 4 million trees, shrubs and grasses from six continents.

The planting is not orderly—no exotic topiary of Disney's beloved barnyard critters. The look is what Comstock calls "promiscuous and harlequin," a quiet riot of greens, a forest painted by Rousseau. Comstock found some of the plants in Nepal, riding a mother elephant named Durgha Kali who recalled Paul from a previous visit and insisted on porting him again. As Comstock tells it, he would point to plants; Durgha would pull them out and pass them up to her master. Like any good Imagineer, Comstock must not only talk to the animals (and plants) but also put his vision across to the bosses. As he says, "You gotta sell somebody on takin' some chances!" The sales pitch worked, and Animal Kingdom is also a Vegetable Kingdom, gorgeous and peaceable.

Rohde and Comstock help fulfill an old Disney credo: the park is the ride. If the wait time is too long for the big attractions, you can have a blast just glomming the architecture and atmosphere. That is truest in Animal Kingdom. The backrests of park benches are carved as turtles, eagles, crocodiles. Harambe, the African "village" near the safari ride, is not ideal-

ized in Magic Kingdom fashion. It is stylized: worn, with cracked pavements below buildings of a Moorish-Disney design that might be called "mosqueteer." For visitors with an antic mind and a free year or two, Dinoland offers a trove of comic minutiae, including "Chester and Hester's," a garage full of dino-doodads.

Animal Kingdom tries to preserve

Life is full of adjustments. The Zulus who came to Florida to build the thatched huts in the Harambe village found their hotel rooms too cold; so, says a Disney employee, they built fires in their rooms. Some of the 82 Africans who work in the park are troubled by the "help" of their U.S. colleagues. Mmathabo Marule, 20, from Johannesburg, was vexed when

shown how to use a microwave: "I had to tell her we do have those at home."

Some attractions are being adjusted. A parade of cast-member "creatures," expected to run twice daily, was still not ambulatory a fortnight ago. The *Jungle Book* and *Lion King* shows were getting final tweaks. Dinos in Countdown to Extinction were to be given sootier lighting and infusions of bad breath. The safari ride's story line, about a baby elephant separated from its mother, is lame drama—no match for the amazing beasts on display.

But these are just growing pains for a park that is a living organism. Its cast of star characters is bound to expand and contract. "Animals will be born and, unfortunately, animals will die," Wolff says. "That's part of the natural process." Some local fauna have already squatted in these fabulous digs. And the park itself will grow. Next year the Asia section opens, with a flume thrill ride and a second safari. A still more remote realm, a kind of beastly kingdom, will feature creatures from fantasy. Eisner also hopes to devote an area to domesticated animals.

All of which should bring families back for their fun and Disney's profit. Audiences return to a movie like *Titanic* to relive the same experience. They'll go back on the safari to catch things they missed the first time. And isn't that a good thing? In a pop-culture era offering passive, instant gratification, this park seduces visitors into becoming active searchers for the bounty of animal and floral life. By adroitly mixing the educational and the enthralling, Animal Kingdom proves they can be the same thing. It's a fun field trip for adults of all ages. And a great walk in the park. —With

reporting by Tammerlin Drummond/Orlando



THE TREE OF LIFE The park's chief man-made amazement glows at night.

wildlife while making it part of the show. The Conservation Station provides an education lite on wildlife and rain forests and has an animal E.R. that shows surgeons at work on, say, a macaw's anus. Keeping the animals healthy is the evocatively named Peregrine Wolff, 39, director of veterinary services. Importing 1,000 animals to central Florida (mostly from zoos and wildlife centers) has been an education for everyone. "The mammals are trained to come in at night," says Wolff. "Do they always? No. The white rhinos went on a five-day love feast, and the male gained 50 lbs. browsing on plants. And animals are so athletic. You think an animal can jump only 10 ft. and build a barrier to keep it from doing any harm. Then, just to prove how stupid you are, it'll jump 12 ft. So we adjust."



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WHOLE LOTTA
LOVE HANDLES?
Page and Plant

Stairway to Middle Age

Two Led Zeppelin veterans stage a mature reunion

GUITARIST JIMMY PAGE, 54, AND VOCALIST Robert Plant, 49, both former members of the '70s megagroup Led Zeppelin, seem to amuse each other constantly. It's nothing verbal, nothing too overt—nonetheless, when you meet them, there always seems to be a smile playing about their lips as if they were both in on a secret joke. The pair's new CD, *Walking into Clarksdale*—their first full album of newly written collaborative material since Led Zeppelin first broke up in 1980—has a similar vibe. When you hear Plant's aching vocals paired once again with Page's tough, tight guitar work, you can sense an understanding, a secret, shared discourse.

Indeed, according to Page, many of the songs on *Walking into Clarksdale* were recorded in "one or two" takes. The pair were going for spontaneity, and the effort paid off. Despite the weight of their history—bands like Pearl Jam have borrowed from them, movies like *This Is Spinal Tap* have parodied them—their *Walking into Clarksdale* is a relatively loose-limbed, unencumbered affair. There are no sprawling *Stairway to Heaven*-type pieces here, only songs that are for the most part relatively modest and direct. This isn't hard rock, but it is solid.

Shining in the Light, the album's first song, is one of the best offerings. It's a mellow, midtempo rocker flavored with restrained yet forceful guitar work from Page. Their rambling, agreeable

Blue Train is another strong track: it's a wise, mature song that builds carefully to its climax without the excesses that have sometimes plagued their work. Led Zeppelin was often about power and showmanship; Page and Plant, in this album, rely on emotional depth and craftsmanship.

The album fumbles when it overreaches. *Most High*, a rocker that's meant to evoke the sounds of the Middle East, lacks a focus. And the album's finale, the raving *Sons of Freedom*, is a discordant, fuzzed-out mess. The disc was recorded and mixed by Steve Albini—he also worked on Nirvana's album *In Utero*—and his personal love for noise rock comes through too strongly here. Page and Plant are better off when they follow their own, time-tested instincts.

The pair say they're happier as a duo than as part of a megagroup (neither of them talks to Led Zeppelin bassist John Paul Jones very much, and drummer John Bonham died in 1980). "This is what we like," says Plant. "It doesn't attract the same attention. It suits my years and my ambition." Plant also says that although "the best place to find us is in a bar," they don't party as hard on tour as they once did. "We control it now," says Plant. "Before, it was rather amorphous—we couldn't stop it." *Walking into Clarksdale* is the sound of two men whose hearts still run wild but who also understand, most of the time, when to stop and stroll.

—By Christopher John Farley

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He's Still Playing Misty

An expat jazz singer dares to be obvious and comes up with one of the year's most vital discs



EASY CHAIR: Smith has a natural way with a lyric

SINGERS RECORDING ALBUMS OF standards face a dilemma not unlike actors contemplating Hamlet: how to launch songs with opening lines nearly as familiar—and potentially as rote—as “To be or not to be” and still sound fresh and spontaneous and not at all like a stale peanut-scented night at the airport Sheraton’s cocktail lounge. In this regard, Jeffery Smith, an American expatriate living in Paris, has set himself a real challenge on his first American CD. He has sequenced the songs *Lush Life* (“I used to visit all the very gay places”), *Misty* (“Look at me/ I’m as helpless as a kitten up a tree”) and *Love for Sale* (“Love for sale/ Advertising young love for sale”) back to back to back—all that’s missing is “Isn’t it rich?/ Are we a pair?” But thanks to his own smart arrangements, a supple baritone and a natural way with a lyric, Smith runs these gauntlets admirably. On *Misty* his crooning, wordless intro finally touches down on the verse like a glider waiting back to earth—he’s landed before we even know it, and that’s only the start of the ride.

Full of such grace notes, *A Little Sweeter* (Verve) is nevertheless a curious album, and not just because it opens with an ambitious but maudlin version of *Eleanor Rigby* (is there such a thing as a non-maudlin *Eleanor Rigby*? Could one even be possible given the known laws of

art?). Recorded with the pianist Kenny Barron and his regular rhythm section (Ray Drummond on bass and Ben Riley on drums), this is such a simple, straight-ahead shot of vocal jazz that it could have been made 40 years ago, and yet it couldn’t sound newer. This may be the most vital album you’ll hear this year, coursing with a palpable sense of musicians actually listening to one another—a cornerstone of great jazz, of course, but one that must be surprisingly hard to capture on tape given its rarity on record. As for the leader, his is a strong though uneccentric personality. As a baritone, Smith has drawn obvious comparisons to Billy Eckstine and Johnny Hartman. But whereas those

singers can sometimes sound mesmerized by the sheer resonance of their own vocal cords, Smith has a more nimble sense of phrasing—he’s rich yet light, the flourless chocolate cake of a Weight Watcher’s dream. On the Art Blakey tune *Moanin’* he lets loose with a paradoxically graceful abandon that would make a silky shouter like Joe Williams proud.

A native New Yorker, Smith, 43, has lived in Paris since 1991. He had kicked around the American entertainment industry as both a singer and an actor, playing nightclubs and doing bit parts in ‘80s brat-pack movies, but like too many jazz musicians before him, he has found a more receptive audience in Europe, where he has starred in musicals and performed regularly with French pianist Claude Bolling’s big band. Smith describes being hounded for autographs by fans as young as 12 who can rattle off jazz history, whereas “kids back home don’t even know who Billie Holiday is.” Still, he hopes to move back to the States, describing the European scene as ultimately limiting. “Jazz belongs to Americans,” he says. “You want a real croissant, you go to Paris, but you want a real pizza, you go to New York, you go to Chicago.” Stiecklers and Neapolitans might take issue with his analogy, but grant Smith—a real deal himself—a pass. —By Bruce Handy

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A Bit of Gospel Shtick

An audacious novel fleshes out Jesus' 40 days in the wilderness with unexpected comic relief



IT TAKES THE GOSPEL According to *Matthew* fewer than 50 lines to deal with Jesus' 40 days in the wilderness, about double the length of the following un-King Jamesian summary: the newly baptized Galilean retreats

to the Judean desert where he is mocked and enticed by the devil; Jesus does not take the bait; he won't turn stones into bread because man does not live by bread alone; he won't jump from the temple tower to prove his divinity because it is forbidden to presume God's protection; finally, he rejects the Faustian bargain—the world's riches for his soul.

Jim Crace's *Quarantine* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 243 pages; \$23) novelizes the Temptations of Christ, adding a plot bubbling with sin and a supporting cast of odd pilgrims. Crace, a British journalist turned novelist (*The Gift of Stones, Continent*), is not the first writer to take fictional liberties with Scripture. He won't be the last. But his new effort proves to be one of the more successful reimaginings. Readers and critics in Britain thought so: when *Quarantine* was published there last year, it was short-listed for the Booker Prize and won the Whitbread Novel of the Year Award.

Crace's portrayal of Jesus combines eerie realism with supernatural powers, sort of like a biblical *X-Files*. At this early stage in his short life the pious Jewish peasant thinks of himself as a gifted healer. Indeed, he cures one of his first patients—a dying merchant—with what seems like one-handed CPR. Musa, the revived trader, is not particularly grateful. His first thought is to sign up the young Jewish healer for a traveling medicine show. Musa is worldliness made flesh, the sort of opportunist and schemer who if asked to swap his soul for profit would probably respond, "What's the catch?" By contrast, Crace's Messiah-in-training is a bit of a stick: an inept carpenter with a stuffy nose, a functional illiterate, the kind of cheerless guy who has to make camping out with snakes and scorpions even

harder than it already is. On the other hand he has an iron will. Starved and dangerously dehydrated, he resists the tantalizing bribes of food and water that Musa dangles in front of the keyhole opening in the cliff face where Jesus fasts and prays. Crace's tempter, then, is not a flapping, sulfurous devil, only a man whose demons and unactivated angels are part of his nature.

There is no question that *Quarantine* is a serious and skillfully crafted novel about folly, faith and a radically new relationship between a people and its god. But it is not a solemn book. Crace's characters are animated by timeless urges. His prose is startlingly specific about ancient life and Judea's harsh, terrible beauty. Unlike many authors of biblical



STATE OF CRACE: The journalist turned novelist

fiction, he blends his research smoothly into his narrative and adds a leavening pinch of humor. Musa is like a preincarnation of Zero Mostel, especially when he orders flunkies to push a dead donkey over a cliff. Awaiting a sign from God, a surprised and unquestioning Jesus watches the carcass plunge past his cave opening.

At such moments *Quarantine* has the feel of Samuel Beckett's philosophical vaudeville. But that is where any comparison with the playwright should end. None of Crace's characters is a despairing optimist waiting for Godot or any other no-show. Sacred or profane, each represents the beginning, not the end, of an era.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

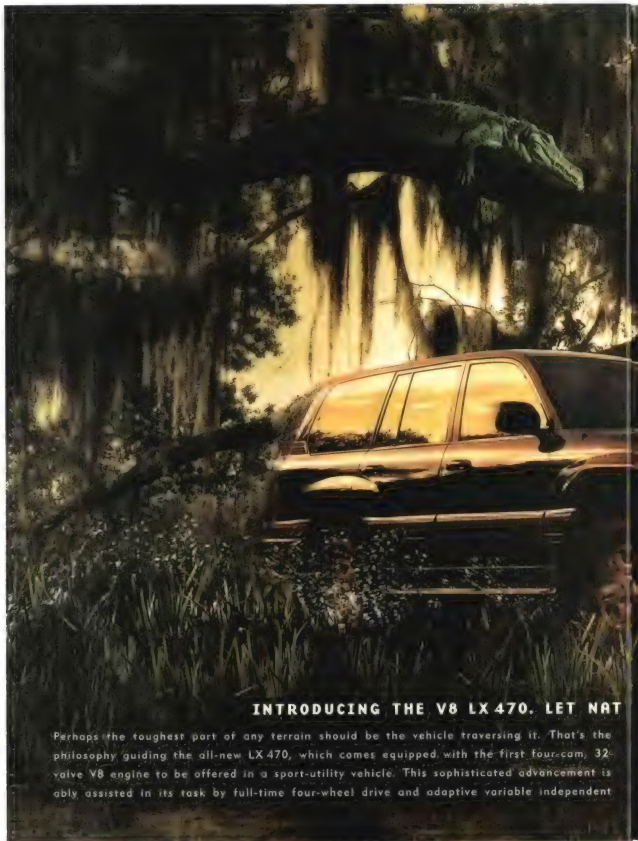
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TIME SELECT TRAVEL REPORT



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OFF THE BEATEN PATH

Chances are you've done Paris, London, Rome, the better-known resorts in Hawaii, Mexico—even the Mediterranean. But what about those vacation destinations you dream about but never quite find? Here is a handful of hidden gems chosen from the notebooks (and expense reports) of TIME's far-flung team of journalists. With this little nudge and some practical advice, we might even get you there this year.



HOW TO GET THERE Fly from Barcelona to Minorca (about \$160 round trip). Rent a car to get around the island.

WHAT IT COSTS Rooms range from \$210 to \$1,000 a week, including breakfast.

WHERE TO EAT Minorca has a mouthwatering array of restaurants. Try *Minerva* in Mahón, *Bar Espana* and *Trebol* in Villa Carlos.



The Out Island

Minorca has sun, sand but not a glut of tourists

AS THE FIRST RAYS OF A MEDITERRANEAN morning bathe the island in languid warmth, its unique features emerge in gentle relief: towering megalithic monuments, colonial façades, a pristine expanse of beach. Along the palm-fringed harbors, sailboats nudge their moorings, and beach lovers prepare for another round of sun, sea and sand. This is an island of captivating contrasts.

But this is not Majorca, the all-too-famous Mediterranean resort. It is Minorca, the lesser-known jewel of the Balearic Islands. Its attractions tend to be subtler but are often deeper. Over 4,000 years of its inhabited history, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, French and British have come and left their various imprints on Minorcan life, enriching its language and architecture. More than a beach vacation, Minorca is a 270-sq.-mi. museum, filled with ancient treasures. As many as 1,000 archaeological sites dot the countryside. Most of the monuments—including Bronze Age structures and early Christian basilicas—are integral features of the landscape, unfenced and open to all. From the circular stone constructions called *talayots*, used from about 1500 B.C. as dwelling or burial places by some of the island's earliest settlers, to the mighty T-shaped *taulas*, hewn from two limestone blocks, these monuments stand mysterious and largely undisturbed—seldom visited and free of entrance fees, guards and ice-cream vendors.

Minorca was ruled by Arabs from the 8th to the 18th century, then by Spaniards from the ancient city of Ciutadella (Ciudadella, in the Minorcan language), at the western end of the island. In 1713 the British moved their administrative capital

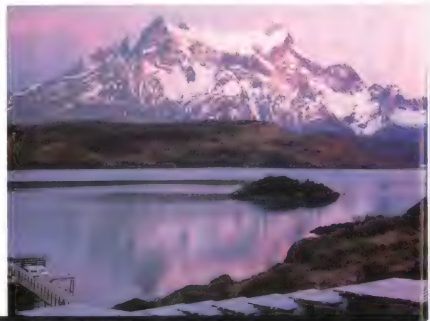
to the town of Mahón (Maó) in the southeast, where it remains to this day. While Ciutadella boasts a Catholic cathedral and the imposing town houses of ancient nobility, Mahón is Georgian in flavor, with a commercial, matter-of-fact bustle. "Minorca is different in so many ways," observes a longtime resident, British-born historian Bruce Laurie. "And the diversity of their history is what makes the Minorcans a special people."

Mahón's star attraction is its fabulous natural harbor, three miles long and big enough to shelter a whole fleet of ships. The legendary British Admiral Horatio, Lord Nelson, is said to have called Mahón's harbor the finest in the world. He is also said to have been so captivated by the island that he brought along Lady Emma Hamilton for a few days of relaxation in the colonial-style Golden Farm mansion that still overlooks the port. British influence lives on in a taste for gin drinking ("Lord Nelson" was one of the brands produced on the island) and in

the sprinkling of Anglicisms (among them *xumeca* for shoemaker and *tornescru* for screw-driver) that add a quaint historical dimension to the Minorcan language.

Mahón's former strategic importance is captured in a visually exciting museum in British-built Fort Marlborough, near the harbor mouth. Quieter testimony can be found in the small, peaceful harborside cemetery, whose chipped slate grave-stones carry pitifully meager details of the young seamen buried there—all that remains of an early 19th century American naval presence on the island. Elsewhere in the broad sweep of the harbor, several tiny islands, which formerly housed military and quarantine hospitals, highlight Minorca's colorful past.

Minorca has largely avoided the excesses of other Mediterranean resorts. In 1993 UNESCO declared it a Biosphere Reserve, thereby protecting some 50% of its remaining land from further development. It is hoped that the emphasis on quality, conservation and restoration will enable locals and visitors alike to enjoy the island's diverse heritage. The plan is to ensure that Minorca is not ravaged by modern-day invaders. But they, like many before them, remain in danger of being captured by Minorca. —By Angela Leuker



Subarctic Oasis

Luxury softens a remote outpost in Patagonia

AS I ARRIVED AT THE HOTEL AT THE end of the world in the middle of a rainstorm, a waitress was positioning a gleaming silver ice bucket to catch the drops from a leaky roof. I knew this place had class.

Such attention to detail is just what Germán del Sol had in mind when he designed the 30-room Explora hotel five years ago. "We wanted to create a place for tourists to spend a week without worrying about survival or unnecessary sacrifices," he says of his \$7 million retreat in the windswept Torres del Paine National Park in Patagonia, a six-hour drive from Punta Arenas, Chile's southernmost city. "We aim to soften the roughness of nature."

Del Sol, 48, is the exuberant chief executive officer and president of the rapidly growing Explora hotel chain. He founded the venture in 1989 to bring five-star accommodations to Chile's most isolated regions, ranging from rugged Patagonia to the arid Atacama desert in the north. His chain is geared to environment-conscious baby boomers who have limited time but substantial savings and boundless yearnings to revel in wilderness with all the comforts of home. "We belong to a culture of cities," he told me. "We do not want Ex-

plora guests to face the wilds unprotected."

Explora prices are not cheap. At the hotel in Torres del Paine, a double room for four nights can cost up to \$1,624, though that includes meals and a choice of five daily guided outings—by car, foot, mountain bike, boat or horse. The park is a 600,000-acre, UNESCO-declared biosphere where flamingos, black swans, llamas and condors thrive amid emerald lakes, glaciers, fjords and floating icebergs. At day's end guests can relax at the health spa with a Thai massage or a dip in the outdoor Jacuzzi. At mealtime they gaze out at the Salto Chico waterfall as white-jacketed waiters bring plates of fresh salmon or Patagonian lamb and bottles of fine Chilean wine.

At Del Sol's insistence, the Explora blends in with its surroundings. Hotel waste is treated with a complex system of filters, ultraviolet light and two kinds of beneficial bacteria so the sewage is crystalline before it enters Lake Pehoe. The staff burns dead wood purchased outside the park, places generators in soundproof sheds to prevent noise pollution, and uses some solar power.

Del Sol hires a high percentage of local residents, mostly from the nearest town, Puerto Natales, but his bilingual guides come from Sweden, Britain and the U.S. Although construction costs were

twice those in the city, Del Sol spared little expense: floors are made of Bolivian slate and interior walls of perfumed cypress; bed linens are imported from Barcelona, and towels hang on heated racks. With his clientele in mind, Del Sol devised a sophisticated communications system that includes fax machines and international direct dialing.

"In Patagonia you can hike, trek or horseback ride in almost any direction without finding fences," Del Sol says. In 1997 his year-round average-occupancy rate went past 30%, and it continues to grow. The key to this success is the hotel's attraction for tourists willing to come in months other than December to March, the South American summer, when the weather is moderate. The park's erratic weather can dishearten even an experienced traveler, but Del Sol is prepared. When the hotel got snowed in a few years ago, the Chilean army sent three tanks to evacuate tourists. The guests got a raincheck for a return visit later in the year.

—By Jack Epstein



HOW TO GET THERE Fly to Santiago, then to Punta Arenas, to be met by the hotel van for a six-hour scenic trip. **WHAT IT COSTS** \$1,624 per person for a four-night stay with full board. Small hotels and camping are cheaper. **SIDE TRIPS** Visit the penguin rookery near Punta Arenas; fly or sail to the island of Tierra del Fuego.



At sunset, lamps light trails winding through the Torres del Paine park.

Wine Country

East of Cape Town, the visiting is good and easy

TODAY, GOD BE PRAISED, WINE WAS pressed at the Cape for the first time." So reads the Feb. 2, 1659, entry in the diary of Jan van Riebeeck, leader of the Dutch East India Co.'s settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. His words were written just five years after European vines were first planted at the southernmost tip of Africa. By the 18th century, South African Muscats were being served in Europe's royal houses: Napoleon drank a bottle a day during his exile on St. Helena. Jane Austen prescribed Cape Constantia wine for the brokenhearted Marianne in *Sense and Sensibility*. Though listed as products of the New World, Cape wines are being rediscovered today as modern extensions of a historic Old World legacy.

Cape Town, South Africa's parliamentary capital, already has its place among the world's notable tourist destinations. But few foreign visitors know that hidden behind the massive, flat-topped Tafelberg (Table Mountain) that overlooks the city is another world. A 45-minute drive from Cape Town will place you amid European scenery, blue mountains, farm boundaries of fir and wattle, wide sheltered valleys and a climate that is virtually Mediterranean. The Paarl ("pearl" in Afrikaans) region, largest of the country's vineyard areas, is at the southern-hemisphere latitude equivalent of Spain's renowned Sherry region. Visitors to Constantia, Paarl and Stellenbosch have no difficulty recalling parts of France, Italy, Bavaria, Switzerland and even California's Napa Valley.

Martin Moore, winemaker at Groot Constantia, a working farm since 1685, is determined to re-create those fabulous red Muscats of the past. Along with a number of other wine estates whose histories go back more than 300 years, Groot Constantia is a national monument. Museum pieces in their own right, many of the stately, whitewashed Dutch-style farm buildings, with thick walls and high ceilings of oak and teak, are tasting rooms.

South Africa's break from its apartheid past has not only opened the doors to world recognition; it has also put the country



A house near the Stellenbosch estate, nestled among the grapes.

firmly on the international travel map. Newly plunged into global markets, the Cape wine industry has expanded its traditional, highly regulated, conservative marketing base and drawn in Germans, French, Swiss, Italians, Russians and Californians as investors in South African grapes. Some of the leading Cape estates now boast European winemakers: Zelm Long and Phil Freese, well known in Sonoma, Calif., are in a joint vineyard venture with Michael Back, owner of Backsberg, a top South African estate. At least one prestigious California wine company is hoping to buy a Paarl farm. A score or so of local wine farmers have taken notable steps to democratize what has for centuries been an almost feudal system (historic slave-bell pillars can still be seen on some estates), and are giving their black and colored workers direct shares in the businesses or land to develop.

The renaissance of the wine routes has brought about greater sensitivity to tourists' needs. Country hotels and bed-

and-breakfasts measure up to a high standard, and many Cape estates include scenic picnic facilities or restaurants with decent cuisine—mostly European, with some South African touches such as ostrich filet, Cape Malay curry and waterlily and lamb casserole. Service is excellent, and the local wine is abundant, inexpensive and palatable. Several of the score of multistar restaurants are among the country's Top 10. Indeed, the mountain-ringed valley of Franschhoek, where French Huguenot settlers arrived 300 years ago, bringing their winemaking skills with them, is something of a gourmet capital.

Then there are the wines. The Cape's staple white is Chenin Blanc, but the Sauvignon Blancs—sometimes oak matured—are achieving high points in world ratings. Locals will say that if you haven't tasted South Africa's distinctive national red, known as Pinotage, a grape cross of Pinot Noir and Cinsaut, then you haven't yet lived.

—By Peter Hawthorne



HOW TO GET THERE By rental car or touring bus from Cape Town to the wine lands.
ESTIMATED COST Around \$100 a day
ALSO Sightseeing, golf courses, beaches, scenic drives to Cape Point, cable car to the top of Tafelberg. Seasons are opposite those in the U.S.



Wine with a smooth finish.



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The Slow Climb

Time among the Andean ruins has its rewards

THE NARROW COBBLESTONE PATHS gridded by simple stone walls ring with the sound of mountain waters rushing through ancient canals. The scent of wood fires fills the air as villagers begin to stir. A woman dressed in traditional colorful skirts leans out to check the street. Above her, mysterious Incan ruins look back down over the valley. It is dawn, and Ollantayambo appears the same as it has for centuries.

The village, along with the ruins of the same name, lies above Peru's Urubamba River, halfway between the city of Cuzco and the far better-known ruins of Machu Picchu. It is among the few remaining communities still laid out as the Incas planned; by night its residents sleep behind inward-slanting stone doorframes characteristic of Incan design; by day they farm corn and potatoes on the immense terraces their forebears carved out of the Andean slopes.

The 20th century doesn't arrive until after lunch, when the tourists show up like clockwork, each group spending about two hours. Typically, they ignore the town and climb the ruins instead, returning to their hotel in Cuzco to rest before rushing off to see Machu Picchu on the last day of what is usually a three-day tour. All the while they complain of the altitude sickness that often comes with the area's 13,000-ft. elevation. They have seen the famous ruins, but they are probably missing what is still alive in the Sacred Valley of the Inca, cradle of one of the world's great civilizations.

A better way to take in these breathtaking sights and absorb the rich culture is to stretch your visit to this aerie in the Peruvian Andes. Cuzco is worth a few nights' stay. A good choice there is the Hotel Monasterio, a newly converted Franciscan monastery. Chants echo through the interior courtyards at breakfast, and guests can stroll through the archways and choose between a monkish cell or plusher accommodations.


But to absorb the natural scale and human achievement on display here, travelers must slow down. Staying in the valley offers a more relaxed, more contemplative trip than staying in Cuzco for the entire visit. Indeed, time flows at a different rate along the Urubamba River, and getting in the groove will bring greater appreciation for

the valley. Trips based out of several hotels in the town of Urubamba are beginning to gain favor among visitors. One spot, the Posada del Inca, offers beautiful gardens, resident llamas and views of peaks. Hikes and horseback rides are available, along with the traditional stops at the ruins in Pisac, Ollantayambo and, of course, the train ride to Machu Picchu.

On my dawn walk in Ollantayambo, I trekked to the edge of the town and followed the earthen canal back through small fields to an area known as the royal baths. The 700-year-old watercourse speeds alongside a walkway before dipping underground to re-emerge over a huge cut stone with small man-made channels that project two cascading spouts of cool, clear water. Above, a young couple claims rights to the day's first ascent of the terraced ruins. For a moment I imagine what it might have been like to live

under the Incan lords. Later my guide and I travel up a dirt track through a side valley to Huitco, a tiny village even further dwarfed by the mountains than Ollantayambo. The men of Huitco take turns serving as porters along the nearby Inca Trail, sprinting on rubber-tire sandals or ragged sneakers past winded trekkers while carrying huge boxes and packs. Today is the fair, and the menfolk have gathered to barter for goods while women sit in circles, gossiping and sharing home-brewed chicha, or corn beer. We hike above the straw-roofed adobe huts, along the terraces that stretch across the face of the slope and 1,000 feet up, as impressive as any of the more frequently visited ruins. Clouds dip in over the peaks across the valley as I sit listening to my guide speak of growing up as an Indian under the hacienda system, a form of feudalism first put in place by the Spaniards.

The contemplative tour attracts its share of New Age types and spiritual seekers. A woman I met said she had stayed two weeks with a shaman, working on neuro-linguistic programming. You need not rely on mystical powers, however, to find this a special place. —By Douglas Stinson



HOW TO GET THERE Fly to Lima and then to Cuzco, or directly to Cuzco. **COST** Plan to spend 6 to 10 days and about \$130 a day for hotels, meals and tours. **PARTICULARS** Rain January to April. Crowded Easter and New Year holidays. Plan ahead if you want to stay at the top! Receptor Peru, 800-322-7286; www.reservhot.com

The Incas built stone terraces at the fortress of Ollantayambo





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Natural beauty and a contemplative ambiance pervade Ile St.-Honorat.

Meditative Magic

Bliss in the sun is just a ferry ride from Cannes

MENTION OF A VACATION ON THE French Riviera usually evokes visions of the Casino de Monte Carlo, topless celebrities in St.-Tropez or glamorous hotels like the Negresco in Nice. But I like to get away from all that and head for a quaint monastery on an island in the Mediterranean Sea a mile off the coast of Cannes. The monks at the Abbaye de Lérins on Ile St.-Honorat have, I admit, always been my kind of guys. Early to bed and early to rise, they lead simple, structured and disciplined lives. Silent and humble, they meditate and chant and are ecology-minded. While guests are encouraged to clean up after themselves and help with the chores, they can just sleep, meditate, walk, read and enjoy the contemplative ambiance.

Easily reached by regular ferry service, Ile St.-Honorat has sweet-

smelling eucalyptus groves, sprinkled with lavender, thyme and rosemary, and generally rocky beaches. There are no cars, just nicely shaded paths. A quaint and spacious gift shop sells CDs of the monks' exquisite chanting as well as jars of their homemade honey and bottles of their wine.

Walk the island's one-mile circumference, and you'll notice a number of FOR MONKS ONLY signs. When I checked in for the first time, Brother Jean-Marie, the *frère hôte*, observed that he seldom returned to "the other side," which is what he called Cannes and the material world beyond. On my arrival, we spent an hour discussing things like Aristotle, St. Augustine, the human condition and contemporary affairs before he reminded me of the house "rules." "Do not talk to monks, go into the monks' living quarters or chat with other

guests inside the abbey grounds," he said. "Otherwise, *pax vobiscum*."

Life has not always been tranquil at the monastery, founded at the end of the 4th century by St. Honorat. Five hundred monks were massacred in 782 by Saracen pirates, who frequently conducted raids until a fortified monastery jutting out into the sea was built in 1073. Both island and monastery changed hands numerous times before they were turned over to the current order of Cistercian monks in 1869.

The present-day abbey consists of hewn-stone buildings with red tiled roofs, pointed arches and stained-glass windows, well-tended gardens, courtyards and sprawling palm trees. There are modern touches: a fax in the office, solar panels in the garden. The wing in which visitors stay was renovated within the decade.

The 40 rooms in the three-story "hotel" wing are identical—clean, simple and separate from the monks' cells. There is no telephone, carpet or television set, just a small wooden cross above a pine writing desk, a washbasin, a curtained closet, a small bed and a reading light. The bathrooms are at the end of the corridors. Guests are asked to keep their rooms and the bathrooms clean and to help with the dishes after each meal.

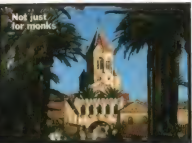
The monks' day begins at 4 a.m., when bells pull to announce the Vigils, the first of eight daily communal prayer, meditation, Mass and choir sessions—each bathed in tranquil chanting. Besides leading a contemplative life of reading and prayer, the monks cultivate lavender, oranges, wine and bees. They also make and sell a liqueur called Lérina, which some pilgrims use to heighten the spiritual experience.

After my latest visit, I recalled St. Paul's words that the monastic life aims to form, prepare and offer to God souls seeking supreme wisdom. Acknowledging that I have a way to go, I booked another room, for New Year's Eve in 1999. Brother Jean-Marie assured me that he would pass on my request to his successor, Brother Gilles.

—By Joel Stratte-McClure



HOW TO GET THERE Fly to Nice and take a ferry from Cannes to Ile St.-Honorat (\$8.35 round trip)
WHAT IT COSTS Suggested price for a room and three meals a day is \$210 a week
IF THE SPIRIT FALTERS The restaurants, casinos and bright lights of Cannes and the Côte d'Azur are just at the other end of the ferry



A Poet's Place

The ancient allure of
China's Huang Shan

AS I TREKKED THROUGH THE MISTS of the Huang Shan mountains, I came upon a young man painting the scenery with traditional brush and ink on rice paper. He smiled proudly as he showed me his work. It was indeed quite beautiful... for a painting, but it paled in comparison to the living scene before my eyes: a silken shimmer of pastel clouds clinging in tendrils to the tops of mountains, an endless dance of wind and fog that alternately revealed and concealed subtle changes in the dark hills beneath. How futile it must feel for a mere mortal to try to capture that, I thought.

Yet for centuries, these mountains in the heart of China, 250 miles southwest of Shanghai, have been a destination for artists and poets (among them the renowned Li Bo), who come to commune with nature in one of its more striking poses—and struggle to replicate its beauty. Along with the artists and poets come lovers, who clasp locks symbolic of their undying fidelity to the chain fences that protect hikers from the plunging precipices. Seventy miles of trails wind around 72 peaks, the two most majestic of which are Capital of Heaven and Lotus Flower. The highest of the mountains is less than 6,150 ft., but their steep, stark slopes impart a distinctly higher authority.

In 1990, UNESCO declared Huang Shan a Cultural and Natural Property, thereby ensuring that the area's physical beauty will be preserved in perpetuity. Pheasant and deer abound. There are hundreds of indigenous plants, including ginkgo, actinidia and tinder fungus, that are said to heal the body and arouse the senses. The famous hot springs are known for their healing qualities and beautiful clear jade-green color. An hour's meditation in one of these thermal pools is a great way to end a day of hiking.

Ten years ago, the only way to reach the mountaintops was to climb up thousands of steps carved into the sides of cliffs. Now, three separate cable cars run up to the summits, and a range of hotels meet any taste and budget. The three staging areas for Huang Shan visitors are Jade Screen, whose sparsely fixtured hotel reflects its ascetic heritage as a Buddhist monastery; the Hot Springs



The Jade Screen hotel glows like a candle on its spongy peak


After menopause,

women have

a new choice

to prevent osteoporosis.



 Now that you're through with menopause, your body makes 80% less estrogen. Losing estrogen can mean losing bone. Left untreated, that can lead to osteoporosis. But now there's a new way to prevent osteoporosis: Evista.

Evista isn't a traditional hormone. It's a SERM: Selective Estrogen Receptor Modulator, and it's been tested in clinical trials with over 12,000 women worldwide. In most women, Evista preserves bones and helps keep them strong. And while it preserves bones, it may also help lower cholesterol. Evista can even increase bone mass - though not quite as much as estrogen replacements.

Importantly, women taking Evista had no increased risk of breast or uterine cancer in studies of up to three years. And most women didn't get the bleeding, bloating, and breast tenderness often associated with estrogen replacements.

Evista is for the prevention of osteoporosis in postmenopausal women. If you are Caucasian or Asian, have a slender build, do not exercise, or have a family history of osteoporosis, you may be at increased risk. Also, if you don't get enough calcium in your diet, you should take calcium supplements. Your doctor will tell you that Evista will not help with hot flashes and its effect on fractures is not yet known.

If you are or can still become pregnant, have liver problems, or have had blood clots that required a doctor's treatment, Evista is not for you. Similar to estrogen replacements, taking Evista may increase the risk of these clots - being immobile for a long time adds to that risk. The most commonly reported side effects of Evista were hot flashes and leg cramps, although most women didn't find them serious enough to stop taking Evista.

Ask your doctor about Evista. It's available by prescription only. For more information, call toll-free 1-888-384-7823, visit www.evista.com, and read the next page. Because now you have a new choice.

EVISTA
raloxifene HCl

There's life after menopause.™

TIME SELECT TRAVEL REPORT



Hikers ascend their way upward on a trail in the Huang Shan range.

area at the base of the mountains; and the North Sea (named not for a body of water but for the sea of clouds bathing the range). The Xi Hai and Bei Hai, located on different summits, are three-star hotels serving Chinese and Western food as well as wine and liquor from East and West. There are dormitory-style rooms with public toilets for those who are traveling on a tight budget.

The best times to visit the region are

HOW TO GET THERE TO Tuxi by plane from Hong Kong or Shanghai, or overnight train from Shanghai. ESTIMATED COST About \$120 a day without airfare ALSO Sightseeing in nearby Ming-dynasty villages—unchanged since the 14th century—and in historic Shexian, a city between Shanghai and Huang Shan



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

INFORMATION FOR THE PATIENT

EVISTA® (raloxifene) tablets

Generic name: raloxifene hydrochloride

Important information for Patients Using EVISTA for the Prevention of Osteoporosis after Menopause
Please read the information carefully before you begin taking EVISTA. It is important to read the information each time your prescription is refilled so that you know what information is available. This summary does not tell you everything about EVISTA. Your doctor is your best source of information about this medicine. He or she will talk with you to help determine your proper dosage of EVISTA and to discuss possible risks.

What is the most important information I should know about EVISTA?

EVISTA is for use only by women after menopause to prevent osteoporosis.

If you are pregnant or become pregnant you should not take EVISTA because it could harm your unborn child.

Do not take EVISTA if you have or may have had blood clots, if you will be immobile for a long time or if you have liver disease.

What is EVISTA?

EVISTA is a medicine used by women after menopause to prevent osteoporosis (thin, weak bones).

How does EVISTA work?

In most women, EVISTA stops the rise in bone loss that often occurs after menopause. EVISTA also has estrogen-like effects on the bones. Although EVISTA does not have a cancer-causing effect, it can increase EVISTA-related breast cancer risk. EVISTA does not act like estrogen on the breast or uterus.

What does EVISTA not do?

EVISTA will not treat hot flashes nor does it have the possible side effects of EVISTA. EVISTA does not eliminate the need for calcium. This means that some of the common side effects of estrogen, such as swelling in extremities, bloating, and breast tenderness, may decrease. EVISTA will not increase the risk of breast cancer or stroke of the drug or of other drugs, as through the use of other drugs.

Who should not take EVISTA?

Do not take EVISTA:

• if you are pregnant or are told by your doctor that you have passed menopause. EVISTA is for use only by women after menopause.

• if you are on oral contraceptives. EVISTA may increase the risk of blood clots.

• if you have or may have had blood clots, but received a doctor's treatment. You may include clots in the legs, lungs, or chest; strokes; heart disease; or pulmonary embolism. Taking EVISTA may increase the risk of these blood clots.

• if you have or may have had blood clots, but received a doctor's treatment. You may include clots in the legs, lungs, or chest; strokes; heart disease; or pulmonary embolism. Taking EVISTA may increase the risk of these blood clots.

• if you have liver disease, unless your doctor says it is all right to take EVISTA.

• if you are allergic to EVISTA, to any ingredients, or to

How should I take EVISTA?

• take one EVISTA tablet once a day.

• EVISTA can be taken with or without food, with or without alcohol.

• you may miss a dose. Start taking the medicine again as soon as possible on your normal schedule. You do not have to make up for the missed dose.

• It is important to keep taking EVISTA. You do not stop at your doctor's prescription. EVISTA can prevent osteoporosis only if you take it regularly.

EVISTA has been prescribed specifically for you by your doctor. Do not give your medicine to anyone else. Do not have a sample refilled—It is not for sale.

What should I avoid while taking EVISTA?

While taking EVISTA, you should avoid:

• becoming pregnant. For example, during the first surgery or pregnancy test result. Stop taking EVISTA only if you are told to do so by your doctor.

• taking any medicine that may increase the risk of blood clots, such as birth control pills, hormone replacement therapy, or blood thinners.

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• taking the cholesterol-lowering medicine, cholestyramine.

• taking any type of estrogen therapy that contains a pill, patch, or injection.

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your doctor from time to time and adjust your medicine when you first start taking EVISTA.

You should also tell your doctor if you are using any other medicines.

What are the possible side effects of EVISTA?

A rare, but serious, side effect of EVISTA is a blood clot in the veins. These blood clots can prevent blood flow and cause serious medical problems, disability, or death.

Be alert for signs of trouble. Report these to your doctor immediately:

• pain in the calves or legs, swelling in the ankles, blood clots in the legs.

• sudden chest pain, shortness of breath or coughing blood (this can indicate blood clots in the lungs).

• changes in vision (like new floaters, blood clots in the eyes).

• if you have had any other problems while taking EVISTA, contact your doctor as pharmacist as soon as possible.

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early April, when the rhododendron festivals are held, and the fall, when the foliage offers a stunning backdrop to the mists. But the view, enhanced by the ever-present scent of sandalwood and pine, is spectacular in any season.

Whenever you go, be sure to bring along a pair of sturdy sneakers or shoes, a warm jacket, rain gear and plenty of film. Remember that you need a visa to enter China. And book ahead: during the peak season, up to 30,000 tourists visit the mountains, and although the area is very large, beds do get scarce. As they have for thousands of years, crowds arise before dawn and head toward the peaks to await that magical moment when the sun rises from the sea of clouds and bathes the mountains in the radiant morning light. Huang Shan may not be exactly off the beaten path, but it is on a road well worth taking. —By Jay Colton

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

your doctor from time to time and adjust your medicine when you first start taking EVISTA.

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• changes in vision (like new floaters, blood clots in the eyes).

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Mixed Doubles

Love can conquer almost anything nowadays. Unfortunately, it fails with these two movies

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

OPPOSITES ATTRACT. IF WE DIDN'T BELIEVE that slightly dubious premise, our culture—not to mention our inner lives—would be infinitely poorer: no *Wuthering Heights*, no *Bringing Up Baby*. On the other hand, to be strictly fair, had we been spared that thought we would also have been spared *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* You win some, you lose some.

Right now in the realm of movie romance, we're on a major losing streak.

For we live in a world where all the old dramatically and comedically interesting barriers to love's fulfillment have tumbled. Class, race, religion, all the things that used to keep a man and woman apart until the final reel—and even sometimes through eternity—have lost their potency. Or, to put the point a little more carefully, in a time when the very idea that society actually contains implacable opposites is smokers and nonsmokers aside—officially discouraged, it's hard to think of anything that might give plausible pause to potential lovers.

You'd think maybe sexual preference might have some potential in this regard.

Wendy Wasserstein, the playwright, obviously does. She's been trying to get an adaptation of Stephen McCauley's novel *The Object of My Affection* off the ground for something like a decade. It offers a gay guy named George (Paul Rudd) getting jilted, taking a room with a straight woman named Nina (Jennifer Aniston) and having them fall into, yes, affection. On her part, though, that develops into something a little more intense, especially when she contrasts his sweetness to the abrasiveness of her straight lover, Vince (John Pankow). Those feelings grow when she discovers that she's pregnant and that George is a much more supportive prenatal companion than Vince. Maybe, she thinks, he'd be a bet-

ter father too. As for sex, well, as someone once said, nobody's perfect. And George does encouragingly tell her that he once had a not entirely disagreeable heterosexual affair.

It's a nice muddle, especially since Wasserstein provides the couple with all kinds of complications. She has rich, interfering relatives (Alan Alda and the divinely bitchy Allison Janney). He soon has a new gay flame (Amo Gulinello) whose worldly-wise longtime companion (wonderfully portrayed by Nigel Hawthorne) gets hurt as hard as Nina does. But it's also too much of a muddle.



THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION

STARS: Paul Rudd and Jennifer Aniston

STORY: His character is a gay guy; hers a straight woman. They both have boyfriends

SOURCE: Stephen McCauley's charming novel



CITY OF ANGELS

STARS: Nicolas Cage and Meg Ryan

STORY: He's an angel, literally. She's a doctor, saintly but mortal. Can they find eternal love?

SOURCE: Wim Wenders' classic film

There is no logical way to arrange the kind of romantic reconciliation the writer, director (Nicholas Hytner) and we desperately want to enjoy. For neither Wasserstein nor Rudd quite wants to come to grips with the fact that George, despite his sweet smiles, is a careless, selfish man. Eliding the consequences of that problem, Wasserstein turns the whole bunch into an extended family—even adding a sweet-souled black policeman to the mix as Nina's consolation prize. Wasserstein can spritz New York-smart talk with the best of them, but she can't make us believe this mass conversion to sociopolitical correctness, with everybody loving and forgiving everybody despite the fact that the

harms they have dealt one another remain essentially unresolved.

One of this movie's implications—and it's a common enough one these days—is that sensitivity is a quality impossible to find in straight guys. *City of Angels* takes that idea to the next logical plane: the celestial one. It suggests the only hope that Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), a surgeon who is loveless as well as sleepless in Los Angeles, has for sympathetic understanding is not to be found in this world. Luckily for her, she has caught the eye of a sweetie-pie seraph named Seth (Nicolas Cage), an angel so eager for earthly pleasures—the taste of a pear, the touch of a woman—that he's willing, when he happens to spot the right girl, to give up angelic status, but not, of course, his angelic temperament, to sample them.

This premise, sans the feminist spin, was the basis of a very good movie, *Wings of Desire*, which *City of Angels* (as written

by Dana Stevens and directed by Brad Silberling) travesties in the course of remarking. In the Wim Wenders-Peter Handke original of a decade ago, the object of their otherworldly hero's affection was not a neurotic overachiever, but a trapeze artist whose simplicity was what attracted him. More important, that movie did not intimate, as the new version does, that perfect love must of necessity be tragically brief. It proposed instead that a life of feeling was bound to be a messy business but that there was more fun to be found in the flux of things, grabbing what happens you can, enduring what disappointments you must, than in pursuing an impossible ideal. This is not bad advice to the lovelorn of either sex. ■

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Art Is Hard

Is there anything sweeter than the perfectly executed hoax? **DAVID BOWIE**, novelist William Boyd and others nearly pulled one off with the launch of the first book from Bowie's new publishing venture. It's Boyd's biography of little-known Abstract Expressionist painter **NAT TATE**, who, at 31, committed suicide after meeting Picasso and Braque and destroying most of his work, except the painting above. At the book party, English journalist David Lister asked guests if they had heard of Tate. Many had. Bad call. After very little digging, Lister discovered that Tate, photo and all, was a fiction. Boyd did the painting.

He Is Heavy, He's My Half Brother

When he was nine, **ERIC CLAPTON** discovered the woman he thought was his older sister was really his mother. Now that he's 53, other members of his family have popped up. The Canadian papers have unearthed **TED RICH**, once an up-and-coming

Vancouver guitarist, now a heroin addict living in a flop-house. He and Clapton were both fathered by Edward Fryer,

a Canadian soldier who met Clapton's mother in Britain during the war. Rich also has a sister, living in Florida. Rich says he would like to meet his half brother, but not until he is off the horse. "I've got three songs I've

written that I'd like to send [him], to let him hear what his brother's musical capabilities are," Rich told the *Montreal Gazette*. Coincidentally, Clapton, who has had his own struggles with addiction, recently announced plans to open a rehab clinic in Antigua. Could it be time for a little Easter gift? The singer's representatives said they had no comment on his new family, but offered to fax through Clapton's tour dates.



Out by the Outhouse

GEORGE MICHAEL gave a little public performance last week in a bathroom at a park in Beverly Hills. It did not go well. The audience was an undercover cop who not only didn't recognize the singer but also arrested him for performing a "lewd act." To add insult to arrest, Michael had to suffer the advice of his frequent taunter Boy George, who wrote in a tab: "When push comes to shove, we are sisters under the skin." Boy was right. On Friday night Michael expressed regret for the embarrassing incident and admitted on *CNN* that he is in a relationship with a man. Asked why he was outing himself now, Michael said, "I've already kind of done that, haven't I?"



His Left Foot

Climbing Mount Everest is no mean feat. Climbing Mount Everest with only one foot borders on lunacy. **TOM WHITTAKER**, a mountaineer who lost a kneecap and a foot in a car accident in 1979, is in the Himalayas right now on his way to the top. No, he's not hopping or being dragged up, although he is being carried financially by a vitamin company. He has a prosthesis, which has its advantages (no chance of frostbite) but takes 30% more energy to walk with. This is Whittaker's third ascent on Everest. He was turned back once by an avalanche and once because he decided he was too slow. "No, I don't think I'm insane," says Whittaker, but adds this is his last summit attempt. And he's keeping his climb in perspective. "One of the things that really attracts me about mountaineering is its total pointlessness," he says. "So I've dedicated my life to it."



Garry Trudeau

Sneakers in Tinseltown

In which the beloved Nike Lady makes her Hollywood rounds

Moore: Twelve-year-olds working in [Indonesian] factories? That's O.K. with you?

Knight: They're not 12-year-olds working in factories... The minimum age is 14.

Moore: How about 14, then? Doesn't that bother you?

Knight: No.

—Nike CEO Phil Knight talking to director Michael Moore in a scene from *The Big One*

WHAT WAS PHIL KNIGHT THINKING WHEN HE agreed to appear in Michael Moore's just released movie? If he actually trusted the populist filmmaker to intervene as Knight went postal on camera and started pumping round after round into his own foot, then Nike's founder is even more out of touch than legend has it. Who volunteers for an ambush interview and then, to compound his error, publicly condemns the outcome?

Moore, skilled at paying out rope to his victims (and then charging them for it), later agreed to meet with Nike spokesman Lee Weinstein to discuss damage control. Nike had two problems with the interview, Weinstein explained. First, it was unfair to include Knight's endorsement of a 14-year-old labor force while leaving out his subsequent pledge to make a transition to 16-year-olds (a difficult task, says Nike, given the workers' propensity for using "forged documents"). Second, Knight referred to his employees as "poor little Indonesian workers," a characterization that failed to convey the respect in which he held them. In both instances, Weinstein insisted, Phil had "misspoken." What would it take to make these two classic moments go away?

Moore decided to deal. He couldn't remove anything from the movie, he told Weinstein, but if Nike were to build a facility in Flint, Mich., he'd add a new scene. Heartened, Weinstein whipped out a notepad. Would that be a shoe factory or a warehouse? Moore, who can't keep a straight face at gunpoint, fought back tears of incredulity. Anything that'll employ 500 people at a livable wage, he replied. Weinstein promised to get back to him.

Moore is still waiting, of course. But like the rest of America, he can't seem to get through a day without experiencing some sort of Nike moment. Recently he was sitting in a waiting room in Hollywood when he was greeted by a studio president toting two large Nike shopping bags. Curious, Moore asked why the executive was shopping for athletic gear in the middle of his workday. Simple, the mogul replied, you can't beat the price.

Especially when there isn't one. As it turned out, Moore's friend had just returned from a special Nike outlet in Marina

del Rey. Unlike your average NikeTown, this facility gives admission by pass only. And you can't get a pass unless you're tight with an affable young promotions manager named Tracy Hardy-Gray, known industrywide as "Tracy the Nike Lady."

"Tracy is like a goddess," explains an agent friend of mine. "She's this little golden fountain of Nike." She's been the toast of the town for more than a decade. She is greeted at film festivals, air-kissed in restaurants, waved onto studio lots. The secret of her appeal? Free stuff. If you make Tracy's A-list, you have a standing invitation to visit her L.A. emporium, where you'll be treated with all the respect due a busy insider—including the assistance of a personal shopper. While the exterior of the building is unmarked, inside it is set up like a real NikeTown—complete with basketball court. As you make your way past the displays, you have only to point at gear and it's loaded into your shopping cart. Best of all, you're hanging with your own crowd: moguls, actors and sports stars—all-out exercising one of the most cherished prerogatives in Hollywood.

So why would an industry heavyweight making a gazillion a year blow off a few hours of his day just to pick up a few pairs of sneakers? Human nature, I'm guessing—free stuff just smells so good. But some honchos really are too busy, and for them Tracy has set up a Nike outreach program. It is by all accounts her most impressive achievement.

The first house call anyone can remember the Nike Lady making was to the *Seinfeld* set. Her impact was immediate—especially on the show's star, who apparently had an unambiguous sense of entitlement. *Seinfeld's* appetite for free sneakers became legendary. His office overflowed with shoe boxes, and one ex-writer remembers Jerry emerging "like Evita, tossing extra sneakers to the staff." In time the staff members too became hooked, and for them Tracy provided a catalog in which they could check off whatever they wanted. "It was everything—running shoes, hiking boots, sandals. People were taking up extreme sports just to get the shoes."

How would Tracy know when to come by? "She just knew," the writer recalls wistfully. "If you wished for her, she was there. Never far from your heart. She could sense when there was a shortage. She was like a drug dealer." Few hit shows were immune. *Mad About You's* Helen Hunt and Paul Reiser were soon seen in spanking new Nikes, and the shoes started popping up on air all over the networks—in effect, unpaid product placements.

While none of this is remotely illegal (assuming IRS lack of interest), industry figures are extremely reluctant to comment. One studio head who had agreed to an interview backed out at the last minute. Was he embarrassed, I asked? Not at all—he just didn't want his pass revoked. ■



TRACY: BOB O'NEILL/ABC NEWS

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